

FOR
MATURE
READERS

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CANADA

FRIENDS OF MAXX™



GOODY,
A COMIC THAT HAS THE GUTS
TO BE ABOUT PHYSICAL JEOPARDY
INSTEAD OF THAT TYPICAL EMOTIONAL
JEOPARDY CRAP!

image COMICS PRESENTS:

FRIENDS OF

THE
MAXX™

FEATURING
BROADMINDED

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HEY, GUYS. MAXX HERE.
I WANT YOU TO MEET A
COUPLA DOPES I KNOW.
THE GUY IN THE SECOND
STALL'S CHARLEY.
AFTER HE'S DONE LAYIN'
CABLE HERE, CHARLEY'S
GOIN' OUT TO PICK UP
HIS NEPHEW IRA, WHO'S
GETTING OUT OF PRISON
FOR SOME STICK-UP HE
NEVER DID. SWELL, HUH?
LET'S LISTEN IN...

WOW.
THESE REST
ROOMS ARE
PRETTY
CLEAN FOR
PRISON,
HUH?

WELL,
THEY DON'T
LET THE
PRISONER
TAKE A DUMP
IN THE
VISITOR'S
BATHROOM,
DO THEY?

OH
YEAH,
RIGHT. SO,
I'M HERE
TO VISIT MY
DAD. HOW
'BOUT
YOU?

MY
NEPHEW,
IRA, HE'S
GETTIN'
OUT
TODAY.

BUT HE'S SO
HARD-ASSED, I DOUBT
HE'LL EVER GET OUT.
YA KNOW? HE'S ONE OF
THOSE RED-NECKED,
NARROW-MINDED
FUNDAMENTALIST
TYPES.

NO SHFT
THAT'S SO
COOL! I
WISH DAD
WAS
GETTING
OUT.

WELL, IT'S EASY TO
BE OPEN-MINDED, IF
YOU HAVE NO VIEW OF
YOUR OWN TO BEGIN
WITH. YOU'RE OPEN TO
CARNAL SIN!

GOD,
NOW YOU
REALLY SOUND
LIKE MY DAD.
YOU SHOULD
BE MORE
BROADMINDED

HOW'D
YOU
SPELL
THAT,
SON?

YOU
KNOW...
BROAD-
MINDED.
B-R-O-...

WRONG, NUMB NUT!
FOR, TO BE CARNALLY-
MINDED IS DEAD, BUT TO
BE SPIRITUALLY-MINDED
IS LIFE AND PEACE...

... BECAUSE THE
CARNAL MIND IS ENMITY
AGAINST GOD, FOR IT IS NOT
SUBJECT TO THE LAW OF GOD,
NEITHER INDEED CAN BE!
YOU'LL FIND YOUR WORD
BROADMINDED MEANS SIN, IF
YOU'LL READ... YOU PATHETIC,
LILY-LIVERED, SCUM-SUCKING
SACK OF @#\$%!!!

Broadminded=
Spelled SIN



OKAY, CHARLEY.
JUST GLAD...
TO ... BE...

SO, HOW YA
DOIN, KID?

OUT? YEAH, I
KNOW. IS THAT
ALL YER STUFF?

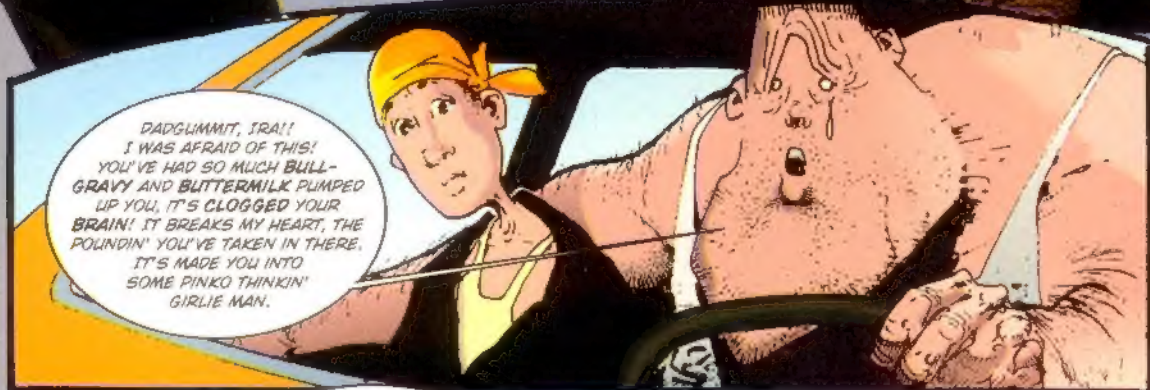
YEAH, I SHIPPED THE
REST BACK HOME,
JUST ME 'N THE
BOOKS!

BOOKS?! WHAT
KINDA... "BOOKS?"

YOU KNOW... MEN'S
STUFF. ROBERT BLY,
CARL JUNE, SAM KEEN,
HEMINGWAY, MICHAEL
MEAD, WARREN
FARRELL --

I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE
"MEN'S MOVEMENT,"
CHARLEY. I'M LOOKING FOR
THE TRUE ESSENCE OF
MASCULINITY IN --

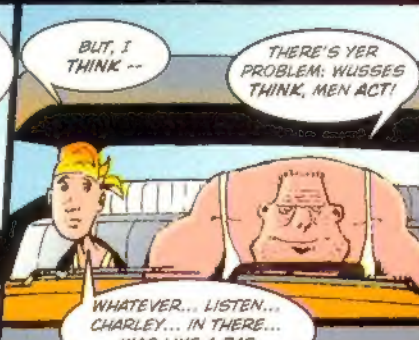
WELL, YOU AIN'T
GONNA GET IT FROM
SOME, FRIGGIN'
BOOK!



DADGUMMIT, IRA!!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!
YOU'VE HAD SO MUCH BULL-
GRAVY AND BUTTERMILK PUMPED
UP YOU, IT'S CLOGGED YOUR
BRAIN! IT BREAKS MY HEART, THE
POUNDIN' YOU'VE TAKEN IN THERE.
IT'S MADE YOU INTO
SOME PINKO THINKIN'
GIRLIE MAN.



BUT DON'T WORRY!
WE'LL PUMP ALL THAT
LIBERAL GARBAGE RIGHT
OUT OF YOUR HEAD IN
NO TIME FLAT!



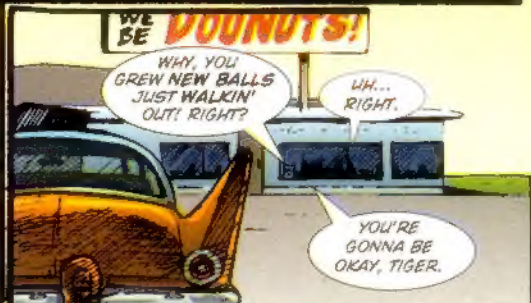
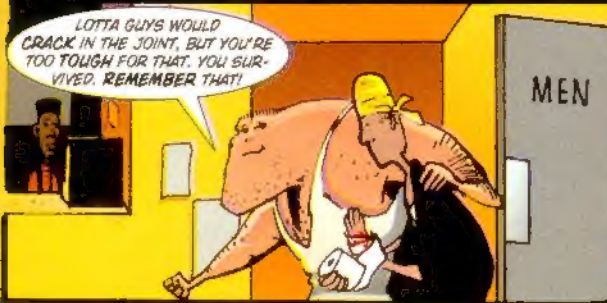
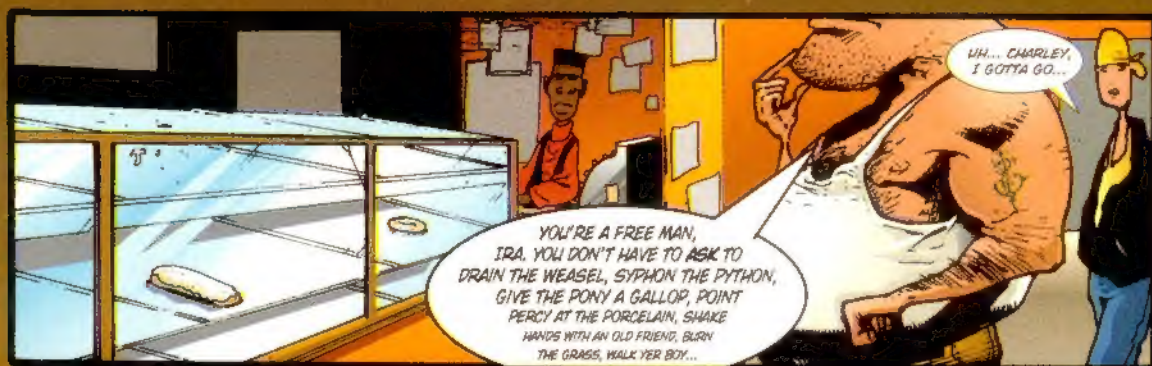
BUT, I
THINK --

THERE'S YER
PROBLEM: WUSSES
THINK, MEN ACT!

WHATEVER... LISTEN...
CHARLEY... IN THERE...
WAS LIKE A BAD
NIGHTMARE.



I KNOW, BUT
IT'S OVER
NOW. WE'RE
GOIN' HOME.



8-11
MINI-MART

LATER THAT NIGHT...

NOW HOLD
MY FRUITY BAR UP, N' DON'T
DROP IT... AND TURN OFF THAT
GAWD-AWFUL
MUSIC OF YOURS!

BUT I LIKE
COLE PORTER
AND WEEN.

MAN, THAT BUGS ME.
THIS MOLDING JUST
WON'T STAY...

THE KEYS, NOW! AND
GET OUT OR YOU'RE DEAD!
NOW, DON'T MOVE!

WHERE'S THE
GAWD-DANGED
CAR?!

WE WAS
CARJACKED.

BUT I SAVED
YOUR FRUITY...

YOU
SAVED THE @#!!
FRUITY BAR BUT YOU
LET HIM TAKE THE
@##@ CAR!?

SORRY,
CHARLEY,
I SCREWED UP,
I SHOULD'VE...

QUIT YER
BELLY ACHIN'. REAL
MEN DON'T GET KILLED
OVER A CAR, LOOK
WE GOTTA CALL
THE COPS.



YEAH,
THAT'S RIGHT --
STOLEN. LICENSE
NUMBER NINE-TWO...



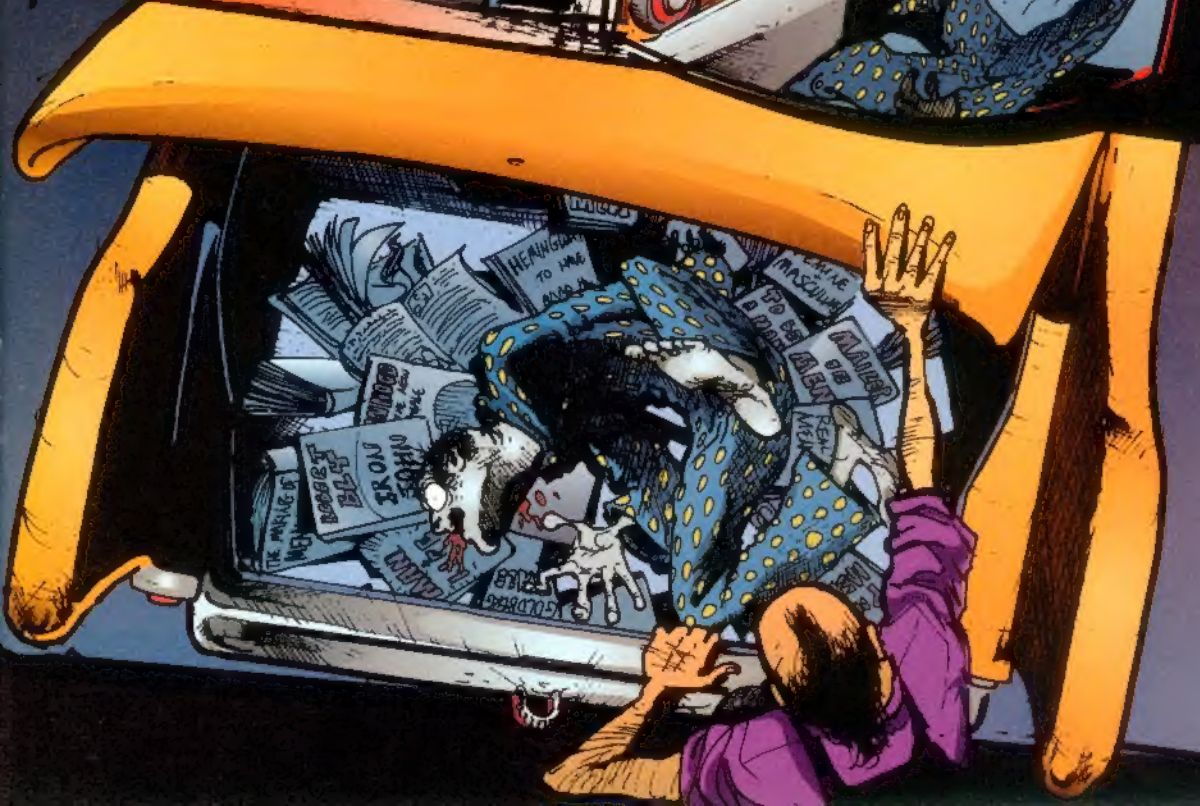
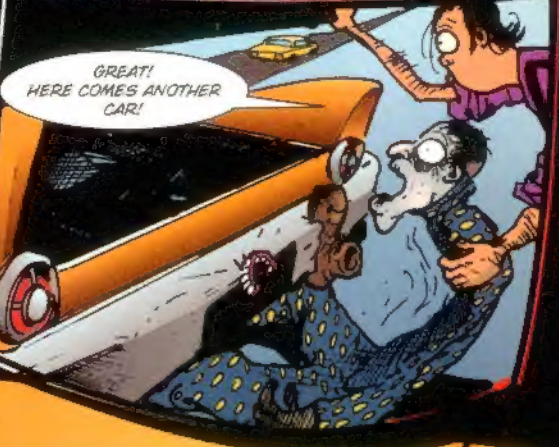
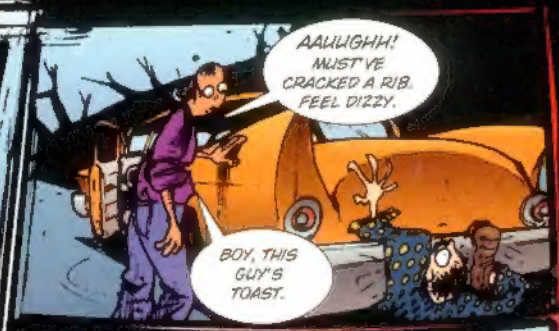
HEY, THAT MOLDING'S
STICKING UP. THAT REALLY
DRIVES ME NUTS!

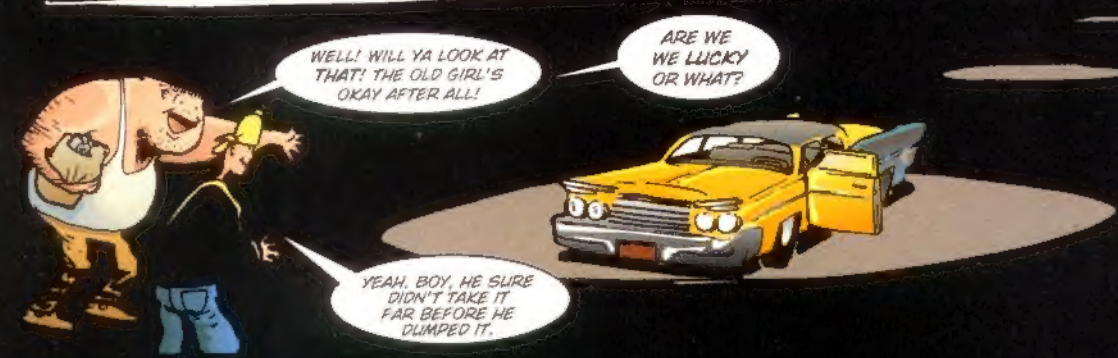


WHY WON'T
IT STAY...



...PUT





LATER...

SO ROBERT BLY SAID ANYTHING THAT'S NOT ACCEPTABLE WE PUT INTO THIS BAG WHICH WE DRAG BEHIND US. IT'S JUST LIKE JUNG'S SHADOW. WE SPEND THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS DECIDING WHAT TO PUT IN OUR BAG, AND THE REST OF OUR LIVES TRYING TO GET STUFF OUT.

YOU ALREADY SAID THAT.

OH YEAH.

WE MEN HAVE LOST OUR WAY, OUR BAGS ARE FULL-WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE "JOHN WAYNE" CLICHE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING MYTHOLOGICALLY TO REPLACE IT WITH. WHAT CAN FILL THAT VOID IN OURSELVES?

SPUNK.

PARDON?

GUNS
N'
PIES

FETCH, GLUE, MAN OIL, PECKER JUICE, PUDDING, STARCH TAIL JUICE, YOGURT. THERE'S YOUR MYTHOLOGY! MALE SEED-LINAPOLOGETIC-TESTOSTERONE!

DING DONG LIBERALS LIKE YOU SAP MANHOOD'S VITAL FLUIDS, WITH ENDLESS TALK.

REAL MEN DON'T NEED A "MOVEMENT". WE'RE NOT A "OH-PRESSED" MINORITY! FOOTBALL, SPORTS,

MONSTER TRUCK RALLIES, GETTING DRUNK AND LAID, THESE ARE OUR "MYTHS".

BUT THAT'S JUST OUTSIDE STUFF. WHAT OF A MAN'S FEMININE SIDE?

WH OH! IRA GOT SO MUCH LIBERAL GOO PLUMPED UP 'EM

IT'S STARTING TO DRIBBLE RIGHT OUT OF HIS MOUTH! LET'S SHAKE

SOME LOOSE!

WHUMP

LOOK IRA, ANYBODY WHO'S BEEN STUCK IN THE JOINT IS GONNA BE SOMEBODY'S FUDGE PACKER, BUTT BUD-DIE, REAR ADMIRAL, FART CATCHER, INSERTEE, SKIPPY GOBBLER, THAT'S JUST A FACT, IT DON'T DIMINISH YOU IN MY EYES.

THANKS, I THINK?

LOOK KID, SIT DOWN. YOU'VE BEEN LIVIN' LIKE THROUGH A PRISON LIBRARY'S SO LONG IT'S MADE YOU SOFT. DON'T JUST READ 'BOUT SOME POET BEATIN' DRUMS OR

HEMINGWAY KILLIN' BULLS AND LIONS, GO KILL SOME OF YER OWN!



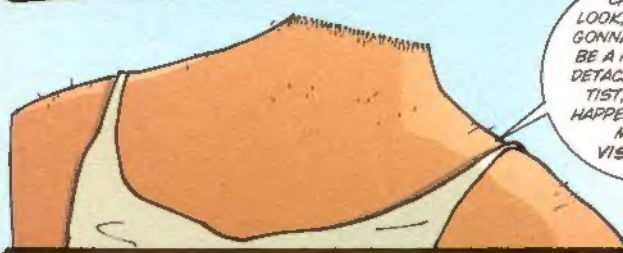


NOW, ALL A MAN NEEDS IN LIFE IS THE "THREE PEES." LIVE BY 'EM AND THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS FOR LIFE! BUT RUN FROM 'EM AND BOY THOSE PEES WILL EAT YOU ALIVE! THE THREE THINGS A MAN MUST LEARN ARE TO PROVIDE, PROTECT AND PARK THE PINK CADILLAC.

YOU KNOW, PLOOK, PLUG, PLOUGH, NOOKY!

PINK CADILL--

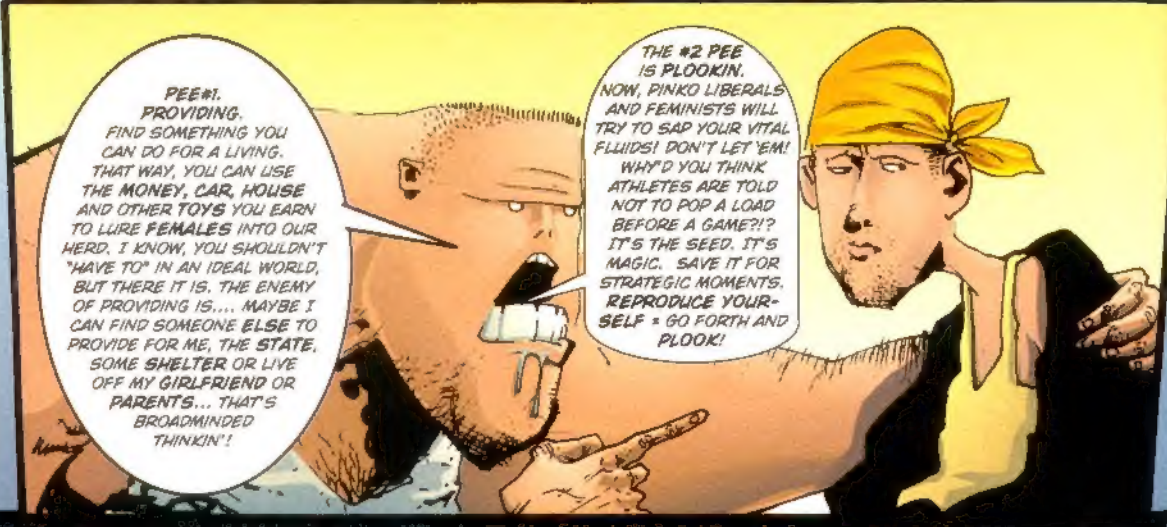
"PLOOK." YES, OF COURSE. SO YOUR CRITERIA FOR BEING A MAN IS ONLY EXTERNAL PHYSICAL ATTR--



CHARLEY LOOK, IF YOU'RE GONNA LEARN TO BE A MAN LIKE A DETACHED SCIEN-TIST, IT WON'T HAPPEN! BEING A MAN IS VISCERAL-



YOU CAN'T THINK IT - YOU HAVE TO FEEL IT! YOU MUST RISK, AND COMPETE, AND BE TESTED UNTIL YOU FINALLY ACHIEVE SOMETHING. BEING A MAN IS KICKIN' ASS AND TAKIN' NO CRAP!



PEE#1. PROVIDING. FIND SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR A LIVING. THAT WAY, YOU CAN USE THE MONEY, CAR, HOUSE AND OTHER TOYS YOU EARN TO LURE FEMALES INTO OUR HERD. I KNOW, YOU SHOULDN'T "HAVE TO" IN AN IDEAL WORLD, BUT THERE IT IS. THE ENEMY OF PROVIDING IS... MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO PROVIDE FOR ME, THE STATE, SOME SHELTER OR LIVE OFF MY GIRLFRIEND OR PARENTS... THAT'S BROADMINDED THINKIN'!

THE #2 PEE IS PLOOKIN. NOW, PINKO LIBERALS AND FEMINISTS WILL TRY TO SAP YOUR VITAL FLUIDS! DON'T LET 'EM! WHY'D YOU THINK ATHLETES ARE TOLD NOT TO POP A LOAD BEFORE A GAME? IT'S THE SEED. IT'S MAGIC. SAVE IT FOR STRATEGIC MOMENTS. REPRODUCE YOURSELF - GO FORTH AND PLOOK!



IT'S THE SEED. IT'S MAGIC. SAVE IT FOR STRATEGIC MOMENTS! PEE #3 PROTECT. THIS IS YOUR TERRITORY. YOU MARK IT AND DEFEND IT. WHETHER IT BE YOUR BODY, YOUR PARKING SPOT, YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S HEADLIGHTS OR YOUR COUNTRY! STAND UP FOR YOURSELF IF YOU'RE THREAT-ENED, AND IF YOU'RE TOO WEAK, GET OUTSIDE HELP, LIKE THE COPS OR A GUN OR A POODLE. BUT THE ENEMY OF ALL THREE PEES IS THINKIN' AND THAT'S WHY THIS BROADMINDED, ANYTHING GOES, TOUCHIE-FEELIE CRAP YOU READ IS SPELLED SIN IN MY BOOK.

BUT CHARLEY
YOU REDUCE MEN TO PURE INSTINCTS.
I SEE THE MIND AS A GREAT BIRD, FLYING
HIGH ABOVE THE MATERIAL WORLD, AND OUT
INSTINCTS AS BUFFALO, ROAMING BELOW,
UNABLE TO SEE PAST BASER ACTS OF EATING
SLEEPING AND COPULATING! YOU FEAR WHAT YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND, SO YOU MAKE FUN OF
THOUGHT AND OPENMINDEDNESS. BUT ALL THE
EXTERNAL FEES YOU MENTION STILL WON'T MAKE
A MAN COMPLETE AND TODAY'S WOMEN WANT
A SENSITIVE GUY WHO CAN UNDERSTAND
THEIR FEELINGS. WOMEN WANT
THE BIRD CHARLEY
NOT A BUFFALO

BIRD AND BUFFALO, HUH?
YOU GET THAT FROM ONE OF YOUR
'BOOKS?' THE THING IS YOU GOT IT
BACKWARDS. ALL YOU ARE IS YOUR
ACTIONS WHICH ARE AS POWERFUL AS A
BUFFALO IT EATS, PLOOKS AND SLEEPS, WHILE
THAT LITTLE YAPPY BIRD BRAIN OF YOURS SITS ON
THE BUFFALO'S BACK, TALKING RATIONALIZING AND
WASTING TIME YAP YAP YAP EVERYTHING YOU'VE
JUST TOLD ME IS THE BIRD YAPPIN'! A MAN WATCH-
ES FOR WHAT THE BUFFALO DOES! WOMEN MAY SAY
THEY WANT 'MR SENSITIVE' BUT THAT'S JUST HER
BIRD TALKING-- HER BUFFALO JUST WANTS TO BE
PLOOKED, PROTECTED AND PROVIDED FOR! CRUDE,
BUT TRUE SHE'LL YAP ALL DAY
LONG BOIT HOW MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE,
BUT THAT NIGHT IT'S THE BUFFALO
HUMAN INSTINCT THAT HITS
THE SINGLE'S BARS!

BUT YOUR
ARGUMENT REDUCES
ALL MEN AND WOMEN TO
STUPID, HORNY CATTLE!
I HAVE TO SAY --

SEE?
YAP YAP
YAP

CAN YOU
BELIEVE THIS
JACKASS? HE
CALLED US
CATTLE!

HEY BUDDY WHY
DON'T YOU JUST
SHUT UP BEFORE I
COME OVER AND
MAKE YOU?

HEAVENS IS
SOMEONE TALKING TO
ME? WHY, IRA I BELIEVE
THREE TINY BIRDS ARE
OVERESTIMATING THE
SIZE OF THEIR
BUFFALOS

I THINK HE INSULTED
YER WIENER, ED! HOW
BROADMINDED OF HIM

HOW'D
YOU SPELL
THAT, SON?

IF ONLY THEY
HADN'T USED
THE B-WORD!

CHARLEY, YOU CAN'T JUST
BEAT UP EVERYONE WHO USES
THE "B-WORD"

IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO
LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES
YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, KID! THOSE
PUNKS ARE LUCKY I CAME ALONG!
THOSE KIDS NEED TO BE REMINDED
THAT INSIDE OF EVERY LIBERAL IS
A CONSERVATIVE
TRYING TO GET OUT!

BUT--

NO BUTTS!
BUTTS ARE FOR BIRDS!
IGNORE YOUR BIRD,
FOR ONCE, AND FOLLOW
YOUR BUFFALO!
LET'S GO!

WHAT THE
#&@%#&?

HOW'D THAT
GET THERE?!

SOMEBODY
MUST'VE HIT OUR
BLIMPER WHILE
WE WERE
INSIDE

WITH THEIR SHOE?
USE YOUR HEAD!

WELL THIS GUY
USED HIS TEETH,
TOO.

THE SHOE DIDN'T
DENT THIS BUMPER,
IDiot IT JUST GOT
STUCK THERE.

BUT WHOSE
SHOES ARE THEY?

WHO CARES?
TAKE 'EM OUT!
LOOKIE
A PENNY!

THEY WON'T
BUDGE

THEN SCREW
'EM IT'S NOT
LIKE ANYBODY
WILL



NOTICE.

LOOKS
NORMAL
ENOUGH TO
ME

SO.
WHAT'RE
WE DOIN'
HERE?

MUFF
PATROL. NOOKY
ROUNDUP

LET'S SEE
BEFORE
PRISON, WHEN
WAS THE LAST
TIME YOU
PLOOKED A
GIRL?

SILENCE?

OKAY
THAT'D BE
ZERO!

AND SINCE
YOU'VE BEEN OUT
WHEN WAS THE LAST
TIME YOU PLOOKED A
GIRL?

ANOTHER
ZERO!

SO, ZERO PLUS
ZERO EQUALS

"FAG!"

AM NOT! IN
FACT, I'VE BROUGHT
A DOZEN CONDOMS
IN MY JACKET. THAT'S
HOW CONFIDENT
I AM!

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WH. HUH
S'OKAY, KID. WE
STILL BETTER GET
YOU LAID JUST TO
BE ON THE SAFE
SIDE!

MMMM.
SMELL THAT? FRESH
FISH. MUTTON. PIPE
CLEANERS, PORTALS OF
VENUS, HONEYPOTS,
MEAT COOKERS, BELLY
WARMERS.

WHERE
UNCLE DOODLE
GOES!

DOESN'T IT STIR CAPTAIN STANDISH
STIFF SIDNEY, ROCK PYTHON, IRISH TOOTHACHE,
MEAT WHISTLE, SKIN FLUTE, BUSH WHACKER, THE
BAZOOKA OF LOVE?

ALRIGHT,
ALREADY!
GEEZ!

GOT YOU
GOIN',
DIDN'T I?

I STILL SAY
TALKING'S MY BEST
ADVANTAGE WITH WOMEN. I
CAN TALK ALMOST ANYONE
INTO ANYTHING YOU TRY
YOUR WAY, AND I'LL TRY
MINE!

YOU'RE A
KID,
BUT I ADMIRE
YOUR SPIRIT GO
FOR IT!!





EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

DEPENDS?
ARE YOU A NICE SENSITIVE GUY LOOKING FOR FRIENDSHIP, OR A BRUTE WHO JUST WANTS NOOKIE?

BOTH ACTUALLY, UH I MEAN ER, UH, WHICH ONE GETS ME A SEAT?

SMOOTH, YA KNOW, FOR A "SENSITIVE-BRUTE" YOU'RE NOT TOO BRIGHT. I LIKE THAT IN A GUY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

IRA.

ANNIE, SIT DOWN.



THERE GO THE CONDOMS!



EXPECTING A BUSY NIGHT?

UH NO, I MEAN, UH



NO WHIP TOO BAD I LIKE THAT IN A GUY! WHO GOES AFTER WHAT HE WANTS MY OLD BOYFRIEND WAS A WUSS WITH A PIECE OF CRAP CAR ALWAYS PRETENDING TO BE COOL I HOPE YOU'RE NOT LIKE



THAT'S MY CAR, ACTUALLY!

THAT CHERRY '66 BUICK? COOL!!

YEAH, I JUST GOT OUTTA PRISON!



MURDER, KILLED A GUY GUYS REALLY

WOW WHAT FOR?

NO SH-T?



YEAH, ME N' MY BUDDY ARE MAKIN' OUR WAY 'ROSS COUNTRY, RAISIN' HELL! BETTER GET GOIN'



HOLD IT! YOU SENSITIVE-BRUTE.

I'M GONNA BREAK YOUR HEART, AND YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME FOR IT.



IRA, LOOK WHAT I FOUND! WHAT'S YER NAME, SWEETIE?

I'M REEBY. HOW YOU GUYS DOIN'?

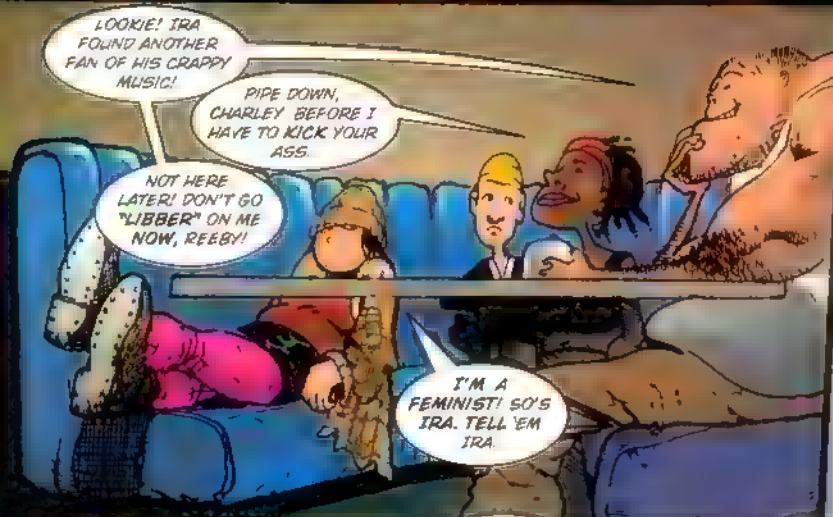
HAVE A SEAT. THIS IS ANNIE WE'RE HEADIN' OUT TO OKLAHOMA. YOU GIRLS WANT A LIFT?

WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU GUYS HAVE IN MIND...?

I'LL GO AS FAR AS NEVADA. THERE'S A LOWRIDER CAR SHOW I WANNA CATCH.

SO, WHATCHA GABBIN' 'BOUT?

CLIFF "UKULELE IKE" EDWARDS. A SINGER FROM THE '30S AND '40S. WE'RE "LIKE HEADS."

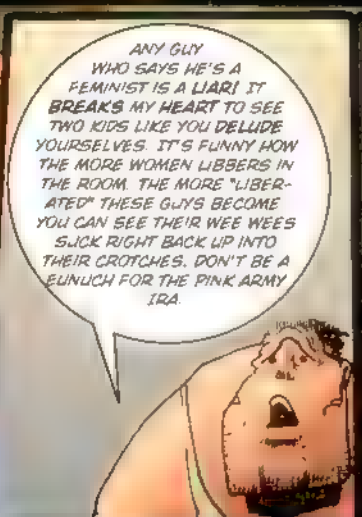


LOOKIE! IRA FOUND ANOTHER FAN OF HIS CRAPPY MUSIC!

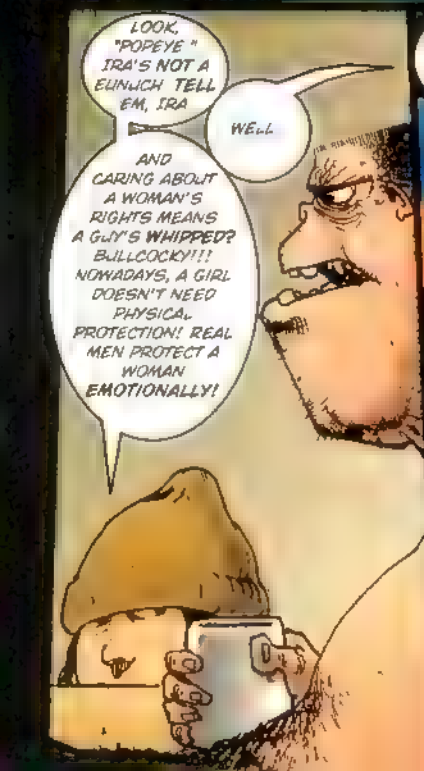
PIPE DOWN, CHARLEY BEFORE I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ASS.

NOT HERE LATER! DON'T GO "LIBBER" ON ME NOW, REEBY!

I'M A FEMINIST! SO'S IRA. TELL 'EM IRA.



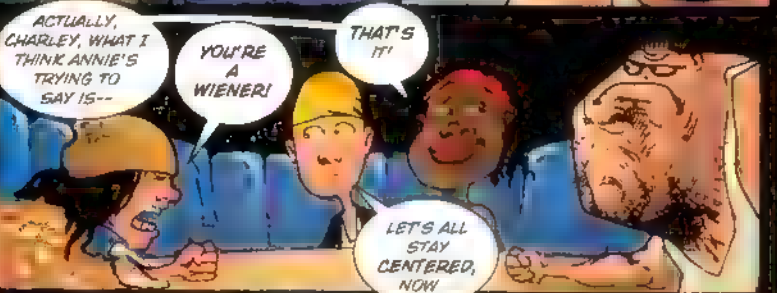
ANY GUY WHO SAYS HE'S A FEMINIST IS A LIAR! IT BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE TWO KIDS LIKE YOU DELUDE YOURSELVES. IT'S FUNNY HOW THE MORE WOMEN LIBBERS IN THE ROOM, THE MORE "LIBERATED" THESE GUYS BECOME YOU CAN SEE THEIR WEE WEES SUCK RIGHT BACK UP INTO THEIR CROTCHES. DON'T BE A EUNUCH FOR THE PINK ARMY IRA



LOOK, "POPEYE" IRA'S NOT A EUNUCH TELL 'EM, IRA

WE'LL

AND CARING ABOUT A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEANS A GUY'S WHIPPED? BULLCOCKY!!! NOWADAYS, A GIRL DOESN'T NEED PHYSICAL PROTECTION! REAL MEN PROTECT A WOMAN EMOTIONALLY!

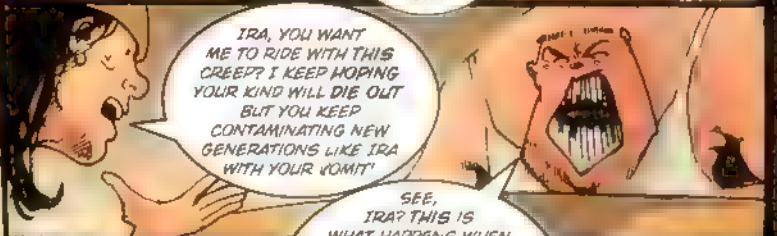


ACTUALLY, CHARLEY, WHAT I THINK ANNIE'S TRYING TO SAY IS--

YOU'RE A WIENER!

THAT'S IT!

LET'S ALL STAY CENTERED, NOW



IRA, YOU WANT ME TO RIDE WITH THIS CREEP? I KEEP HOPING YOUR KIND WILL DIE OUT BUT YOU KEEP CONTAMINATING NEW GENERATIONS LIKE IRA WITH YOUR VOMIT!

SEE, IRA? THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TODAY'S YOUNG WOMEN SPEND MORE TIME ON THEIR MIND THAN THEIR BODY BOTH GO TO HELL! IF SHE'S COMIN', SHE'S RIDIN' IN THE BACK WITH YOU!

HEY!



HEY, SHRIMP WITH THE BANDANNA, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT? BETTER TURN AROUND BEFORE I MESS YOU UP!!

MAN, THOSE GUYS WON'T LET ANY WOMAN LEAVE WITHOUT HASSLING HERE.

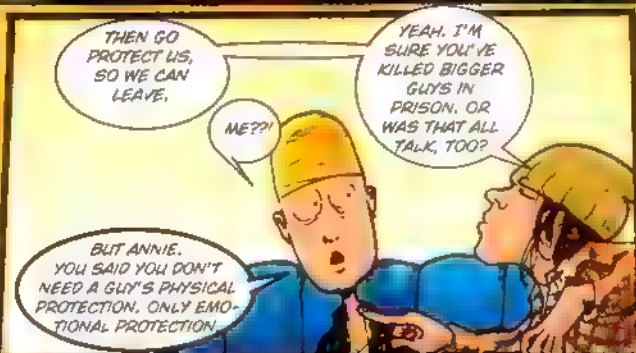
PLUS, HE'S DISIN' YOU, IRA.

IRA! AREN'T YOU GONNA DO SOMETHING?

DROP DEAD, CREEP. JUST LET ME THROUGH.



ACTUALLY, GIRLS, SUCH TAUNTS DON'T RATTLE ME! MY SELF-ESTEEM AND MANHOOD ISN'T SO FRAGILE THAT THESE BOZOS COULD SHAKE IT WITH A CHALLENGE



THEN GO PROTECT US, SO WE CAN LEAVE.

ME??

YEAH. I'M SURE YOU'VE KILLED BIGGER GUYS IN PRISON. OR WAS THAT ALL TALK, TOO?

BUT ANNIE. YOU SAID YOU DON'T NEED A GUY'S PHYSICAL PROTECTION. ONLY EMOTIONAL PROTECTION.



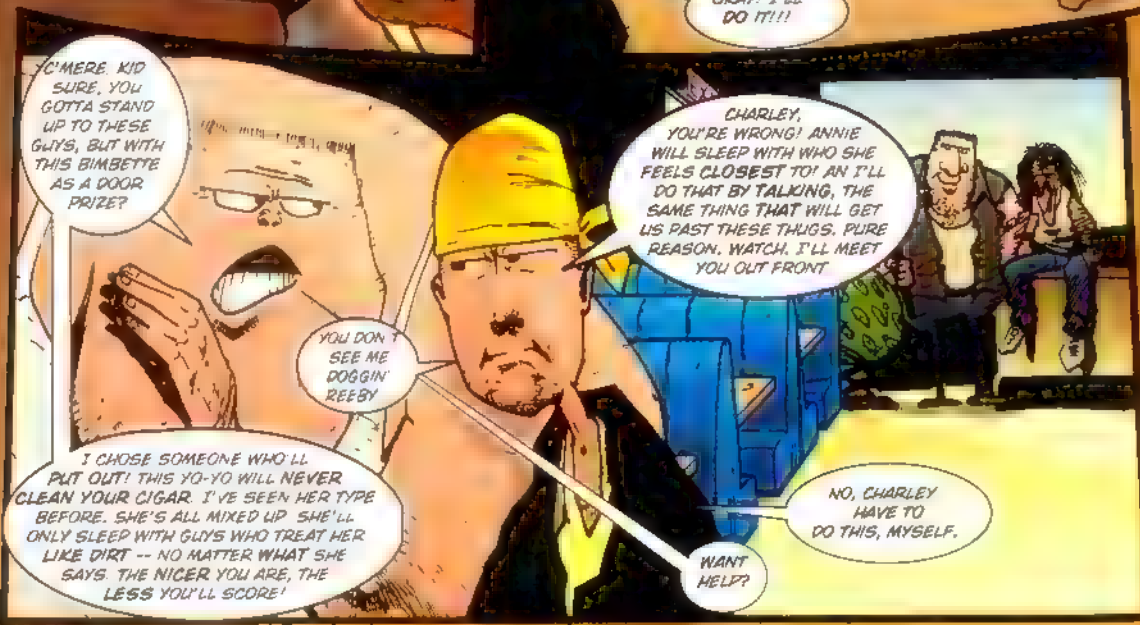
I FEEL VERY EMOTIONALLY PROTECTED RIGHT NOW. I JUST WANT OUT THE DOOR.

DON'T LET 'EM PUSH YOU, IRA

I WANNA HEAR 'BOUT THESE GUYS YOU KILLED IN PRISON

MY HERO. SIGH.

OKAY! I'LL DO IT!!!



C'MERE. KID SURE. YOU GOTTA STAND UP TO THESE GUYS, BUT WITH THIS BIMBETTE AS A DOOR PRIZE?

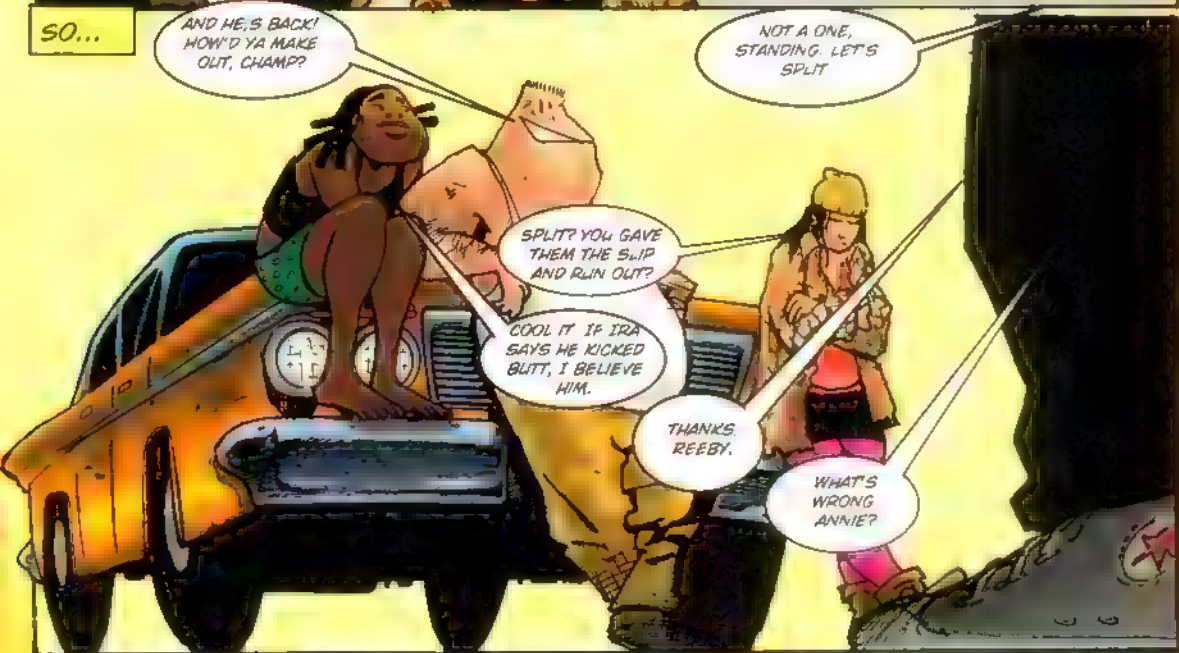
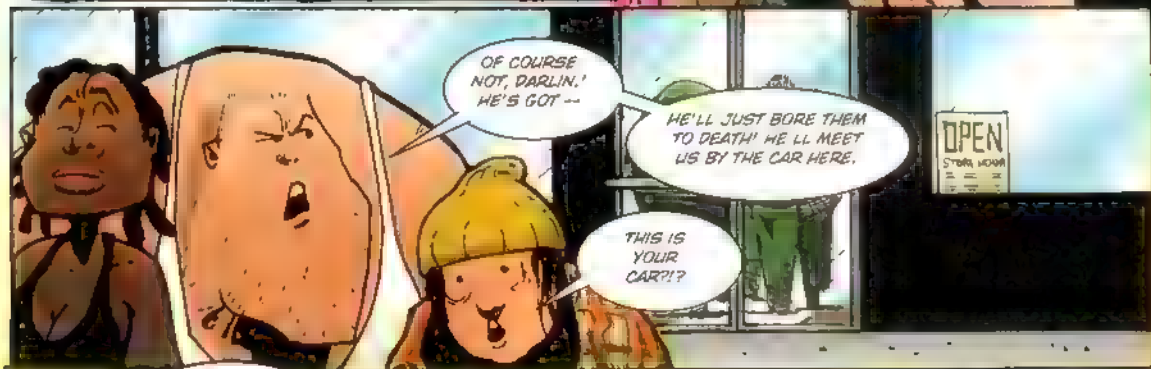
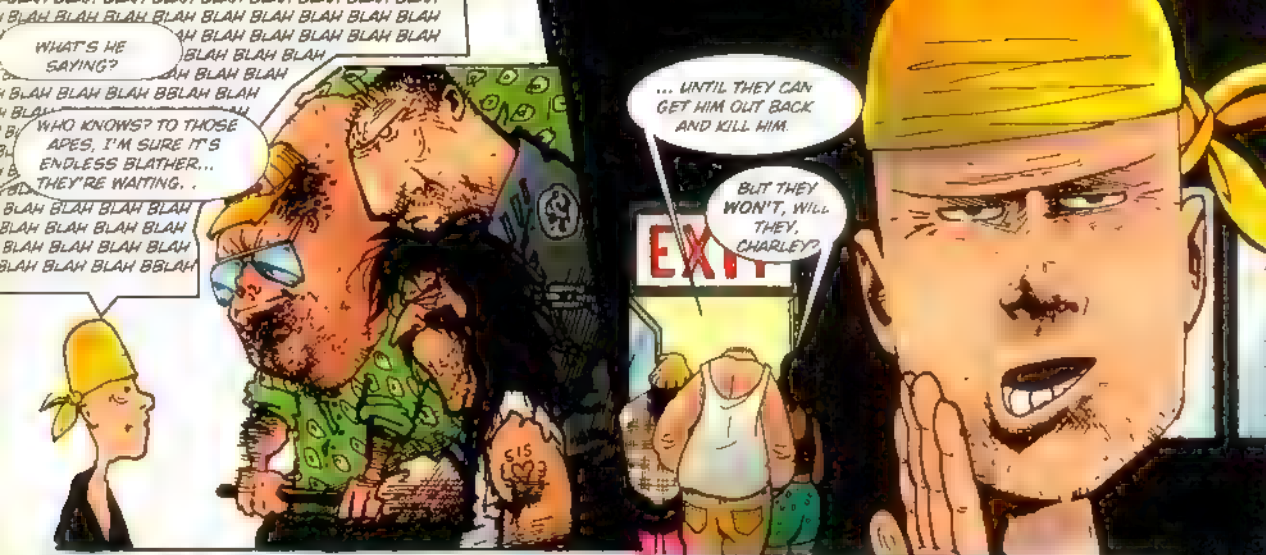
YOU DON'T SEE ME DOBBIN' REEBY

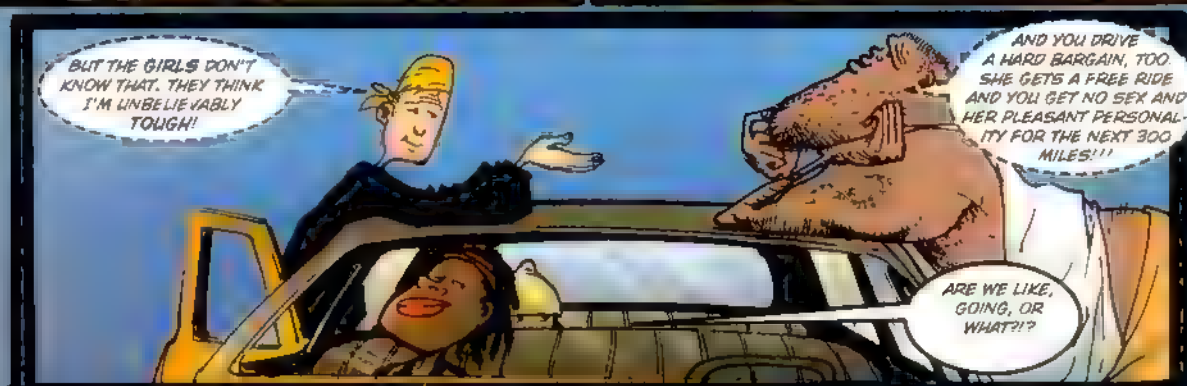
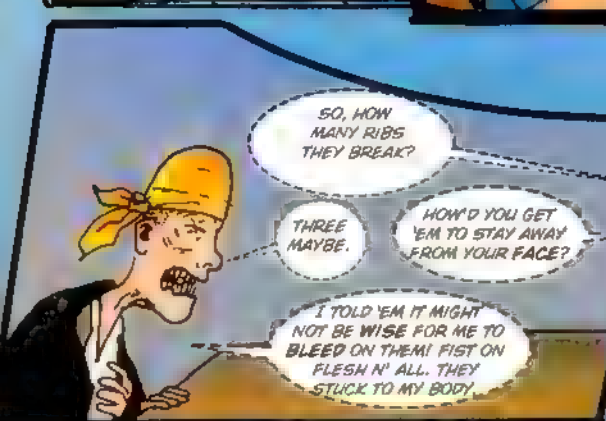
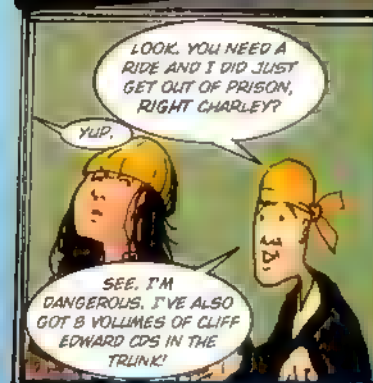
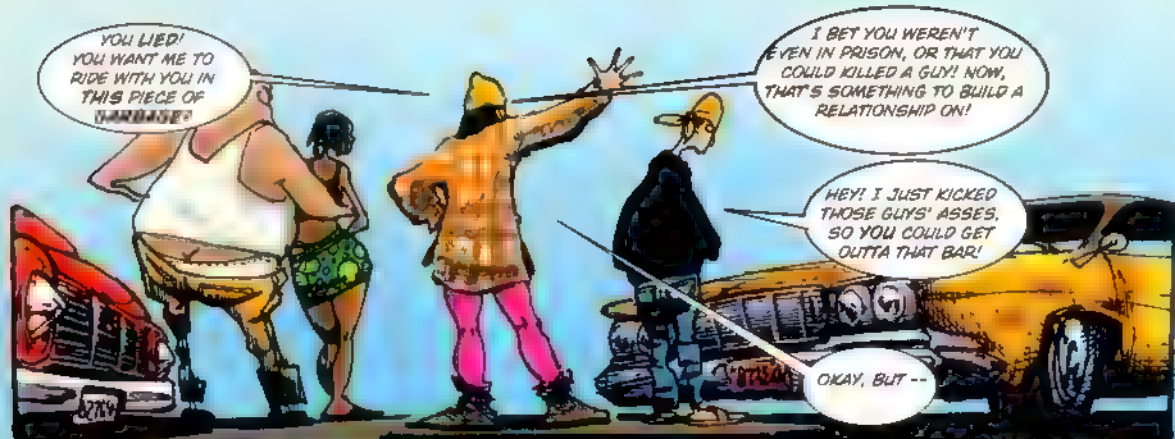
CHARLEY, YOU'RE WRONG! ANNIE WILL SLEEP WITH WHO SHE FEELS CLOSEST TO! AN I'LL DO THAT BY TALKING, THE SAME THING THAT WILL GET US PAST THESE THUGS. PURE REASON. WATCH. I'LL MEET YOU OUT FRONT

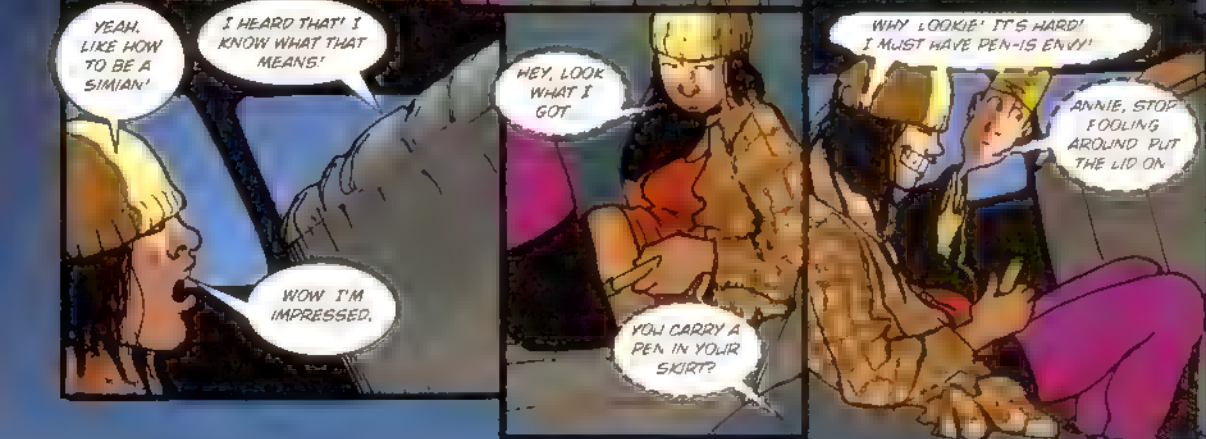
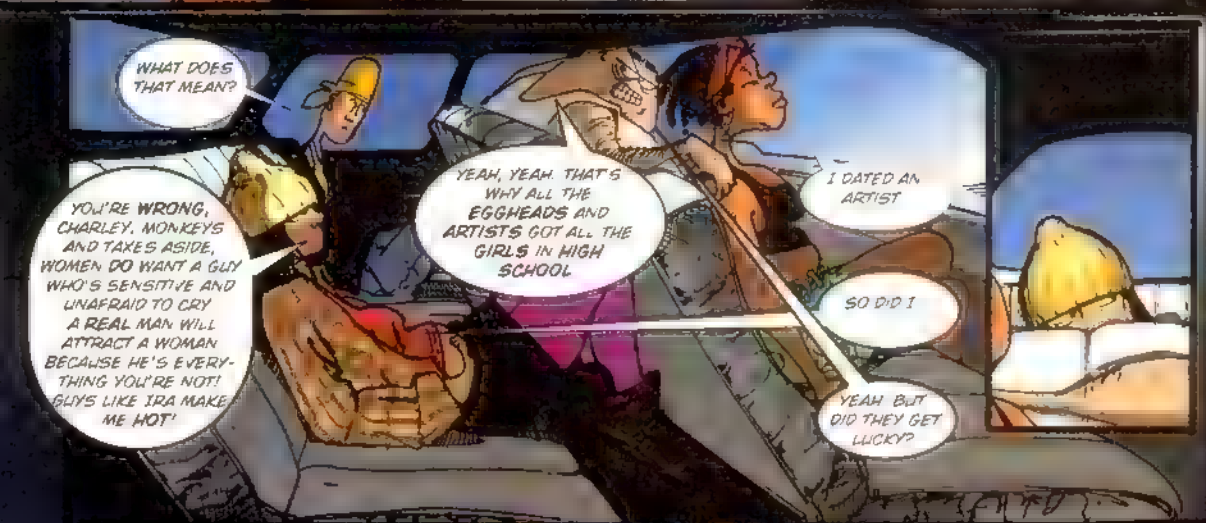
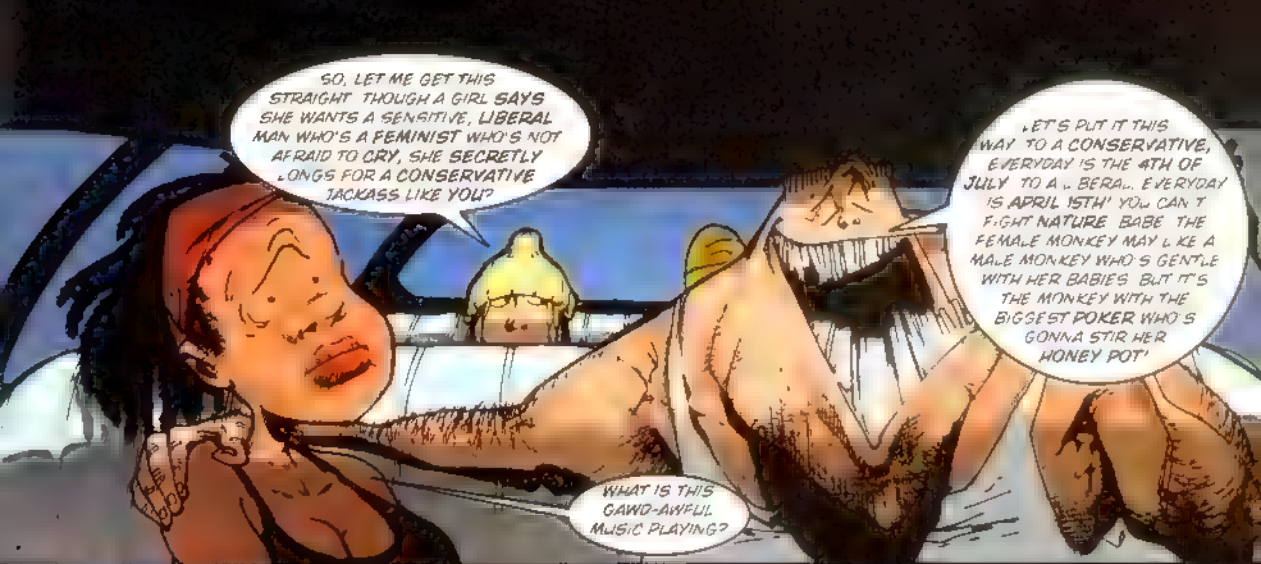
NO, CHARLEY HAVE TO DO THIS, MYSELF.

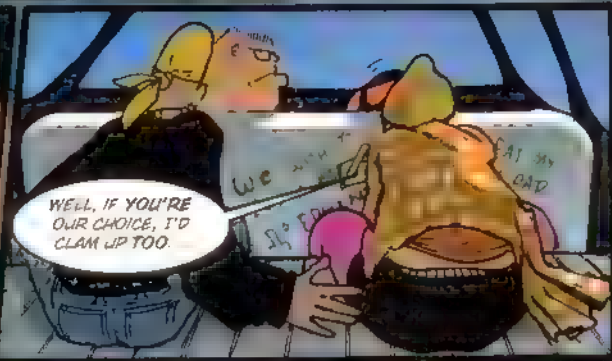
WANT HELP?

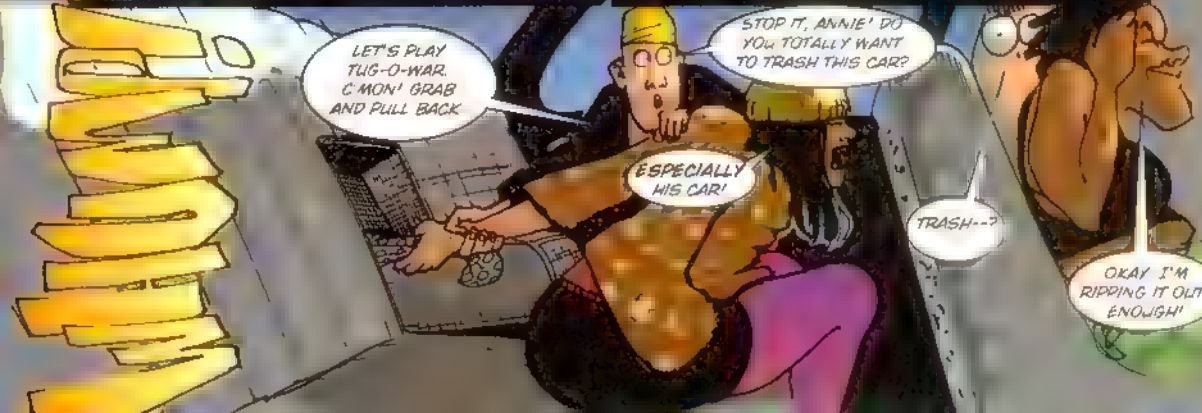
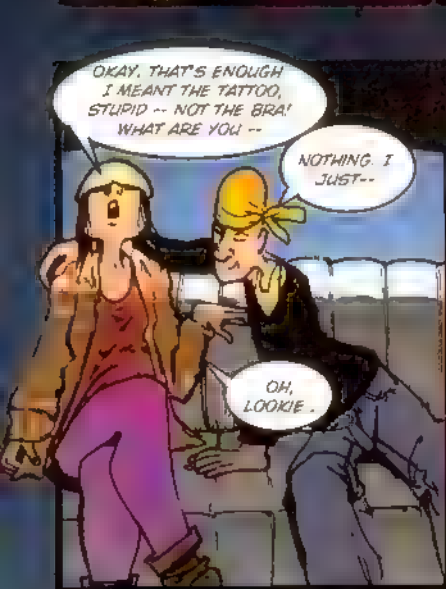
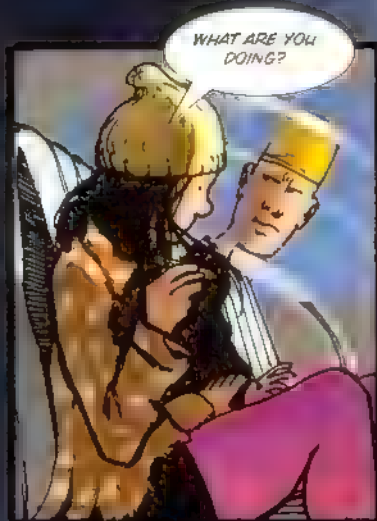
I CHOSE SOMEONE WHO'LL PUT OUT! THIS YO-YO WILL NEVER CLEAN YOUR CIGAR. I'VE SEEN HER TYPE BEFORE. SHE'S ALL MIXED UP SHE'LL ONLY SLEEP WITH GUYS WHO TREAT HER LIKE DIRT -- NO MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS. THE NICER YOU ARE, THE LESS YOU'LL SCORE!











I SWEAR IRA TURN
THIS THING OF YOURS
DOWN OR I'LL RIP IT
RIGHT OUT!!!

DISTRACTIVE,
AIN'T SHE?

LOOKIE,
A BIRD

C'MERE, WE
GOTTA TALK.

YOU'RE
A DISGRACE TO THE ENTIRE
MALE RACE! SHE'S GOT YOU
P***Y WHIPPED AND JUMPIN'
THROUGH HOOPS!
AND WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO GET ANY!

BUT SEX ISN'T
EVERYTHING! GIRLS
LIKE GUYS, WHO
UNDERSTAND
EM

TELL THAT
TO 'CAPT STANDISH'
YOUR BAZOOKA OF LOVE,
DON'T YOU GET IT YET? SHE
DON'T RESPECT YOU! HOW
CAN SHE WHEN YOU KEEP
DOIN' HER EVERY
WHIM!!

I STILL
THINK...

THAT'S STILL
YOUR
PROBLEM!

THERE'S NOW WHICH
ONE OF THESE
DISCONNECTS

HEY, CAREFUL
REEBY! YOU'LL
BREAK IT!

IRA, I'M PULLING
THE LINING OUT!
SEE? WHAT'ER
YOU GONNA DO?

WHAT IN THE
SAM HILL IS
THIS!!!!????

YOU LITTLE
TOAD!
YOU'VE DEFACED
MY CAR???

OKAY!
THAT'S
IT!!!

I'M GONNA
KILL Y...

YOU WANNA
PIECE O'ME FAT
BOY??! C'MON, I'M
READY!!!

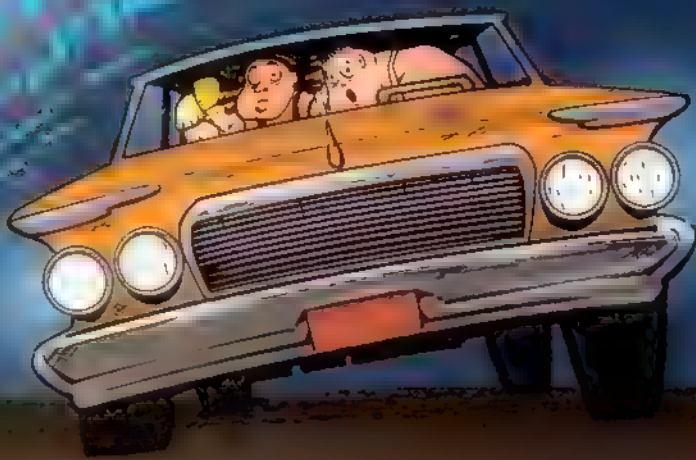
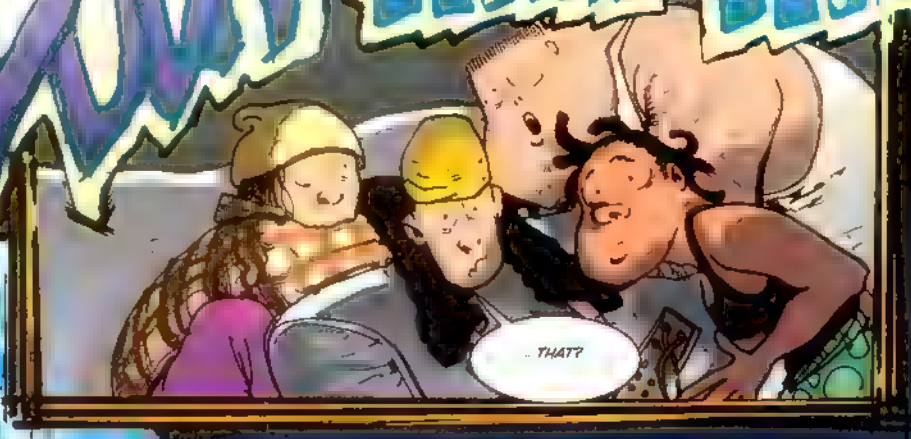
IRA IF YOU
DON'T STOP
THIS THING...

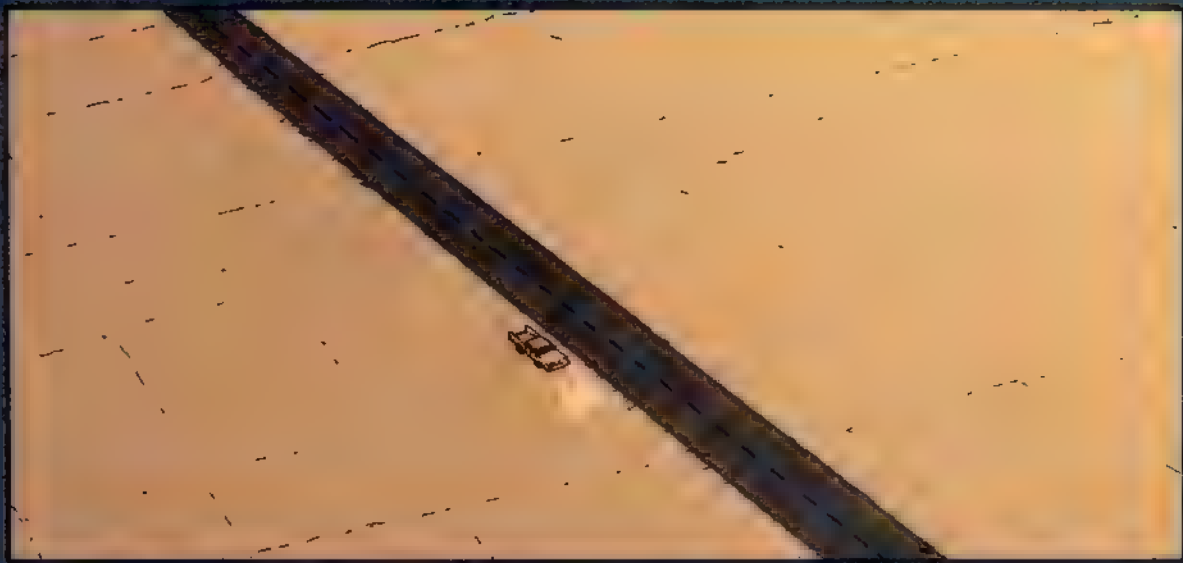
OH FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE GIMME THAT!

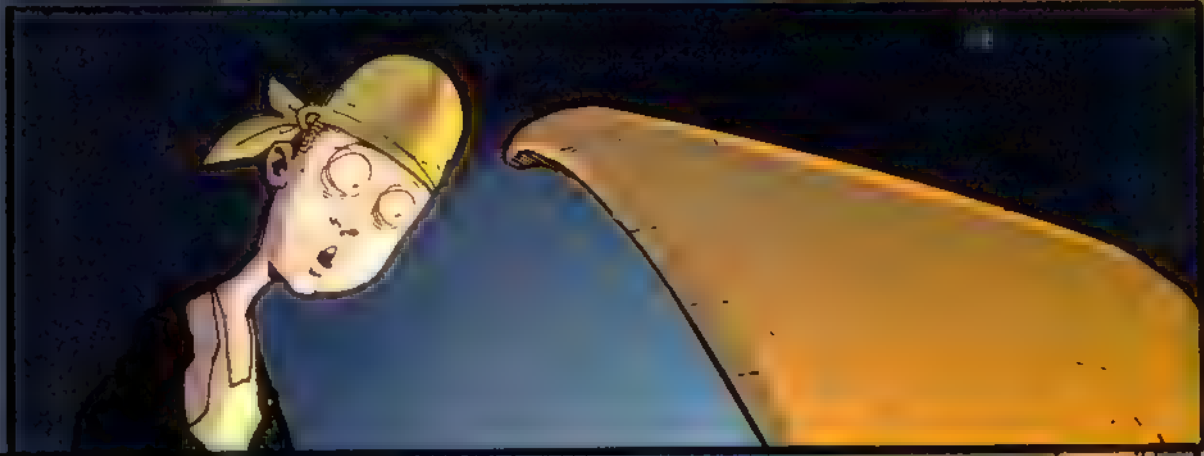
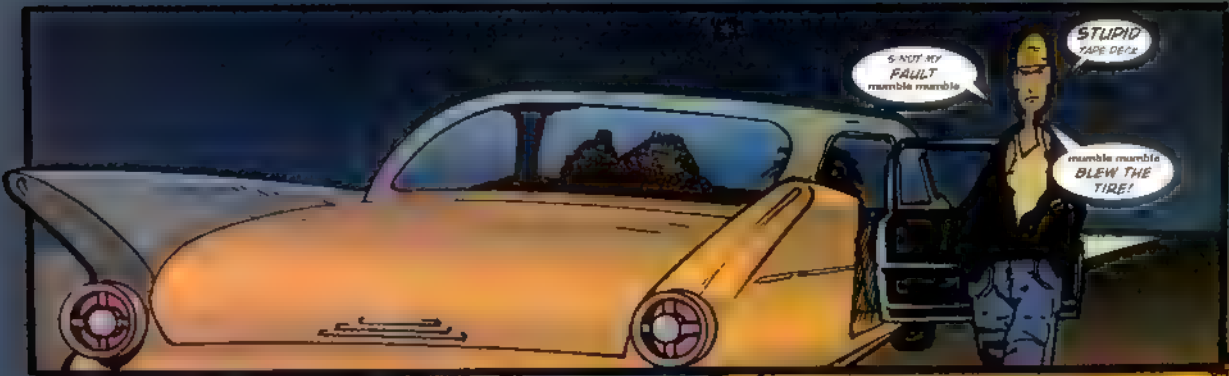
THERE!!!
HAPPY? THE @X*6*
MUSIC @X*6* STOPPED
OKAY?

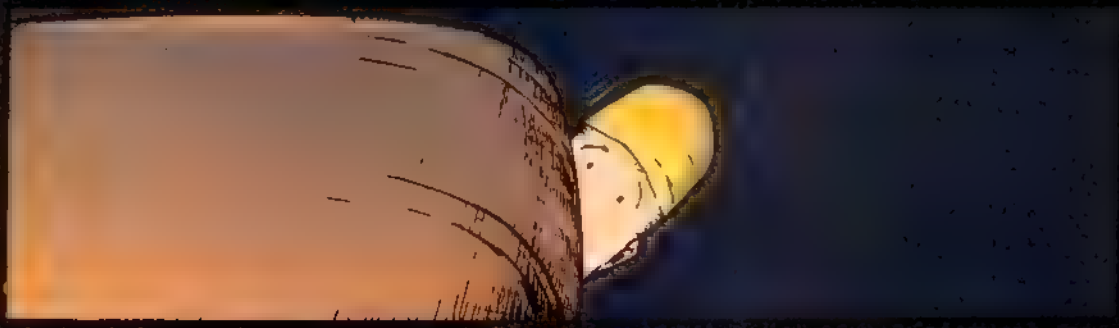
WHAT
WAS...

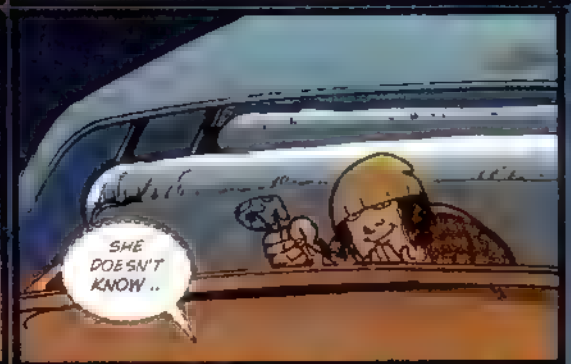
ZOOM CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK













WHERE'D THIS
GUY COME FROM?
WHO IS HE

THERE'S NO TIME
FOR THIS I'VE
JUST GOT TO PLAY
IT COOL TIL THE
COP LEAVES

AND KILL
ANNIE



ANNIE LISTEN TO ME
CAREFULLY I'M NOT KID-
DING DON'T PULL THE "LIN-
ING" OUT OF THE SEAT ANY-
MORE 'TIL THE COP'S GONE
UNDERSTAND?

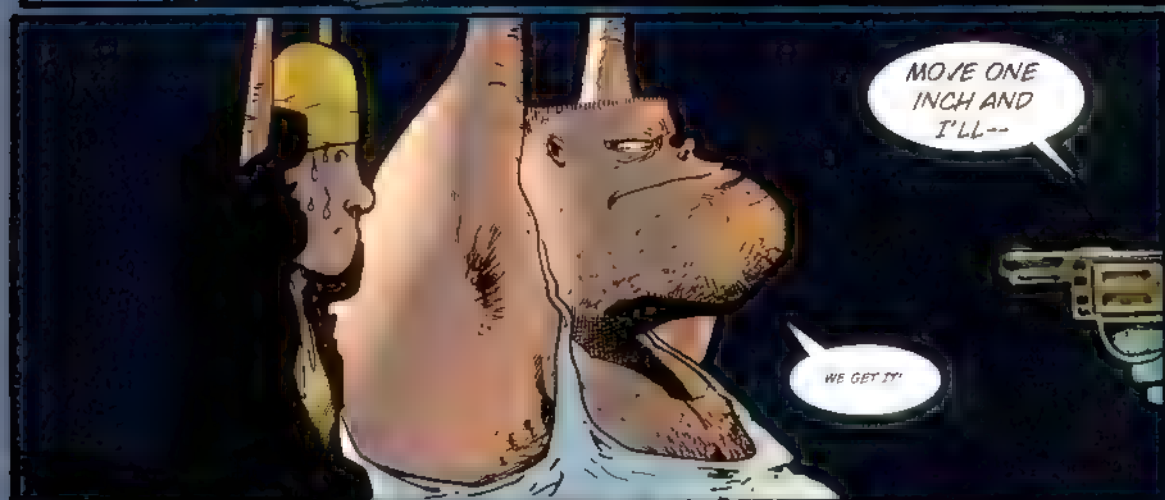
BACK OFF IRA
WHAT CRAWLED UP
YOUR ASS AND
DIED?

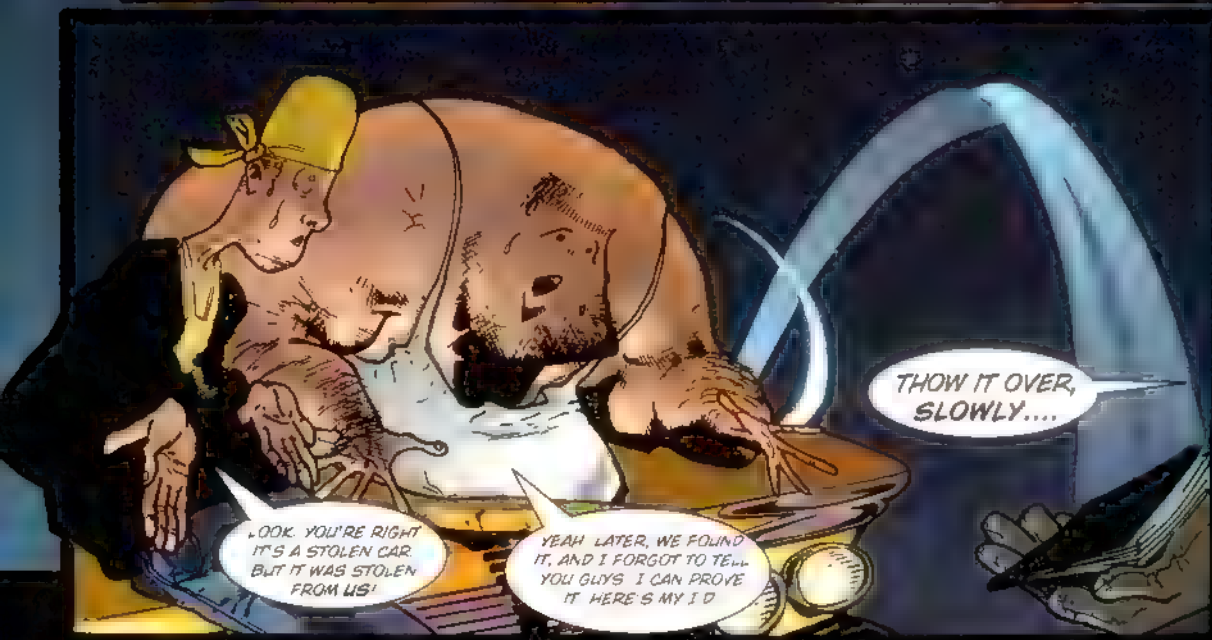
OKAY OKAY,
LET GO! YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BE SUCH AN
A-HOLE!!!



WHAT
HASN'T?!

C'MON MAN
STOP SWEATING!
JUST KEEP YOUR
COOL!







OHMMH-KAY
SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT YOU
FELLAS REALLY SHOULD'VE CALLED IT
IN AND LET US KNOW YOU'D FOUND IT

WE'RE
SORRY.

YEAH,
REALLY



SO, WHAT'S
WITH THE
GIRLS?

AWW IRA WILL
SAY ANYTHING
TO GET SOME
SNATCH, WON'T
YA, IRA?

ANYTHING
FOR
SNATCH

WH HUH I
REALLY DON'T
HAVE TIME
FOR THIS

GET THE SPARE
SO WE CAN WRAP
THIS UP!

WH OH,
THAT'S
OKAY

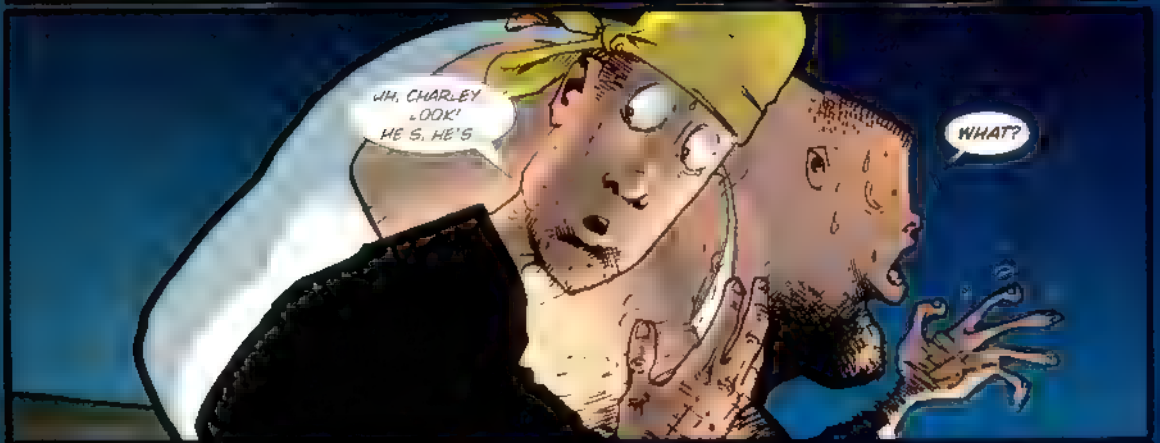
DON'T BE A
PUD. IRA GO
GET IT

YOU LOOK
NERVOUS
KID.



YOU TWO
STAY HERE





WHAT ER YOU NUTS?
HELP THIS GUY TO TURN
US IN FOR A BODY THAT'S
NOT EVEN OURS? HE'S
ON HIS OWN LETS GO

GET ME THE
JACK, LIKE
A MAN

ME?
WHY?

LOOK-WHAT
WOULD THOSE
FRUITY NERDS OF
YOURS, BLY AND
JUNG DO?

SCREW THOSE
GUYS I DON'T
WANNA GET THE
JACK!

IRA, GO FACE
WHAT'S IN THAT
TRUNK OR WE'RE
ALL GOIN' DOWN

WUGGNT

I HATE
THIS!

GOT
IT!

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

SO...

THAT COP'S
FAINTED. WE LL
CALL IN FOR HELP
AT THE NEXT TOWN

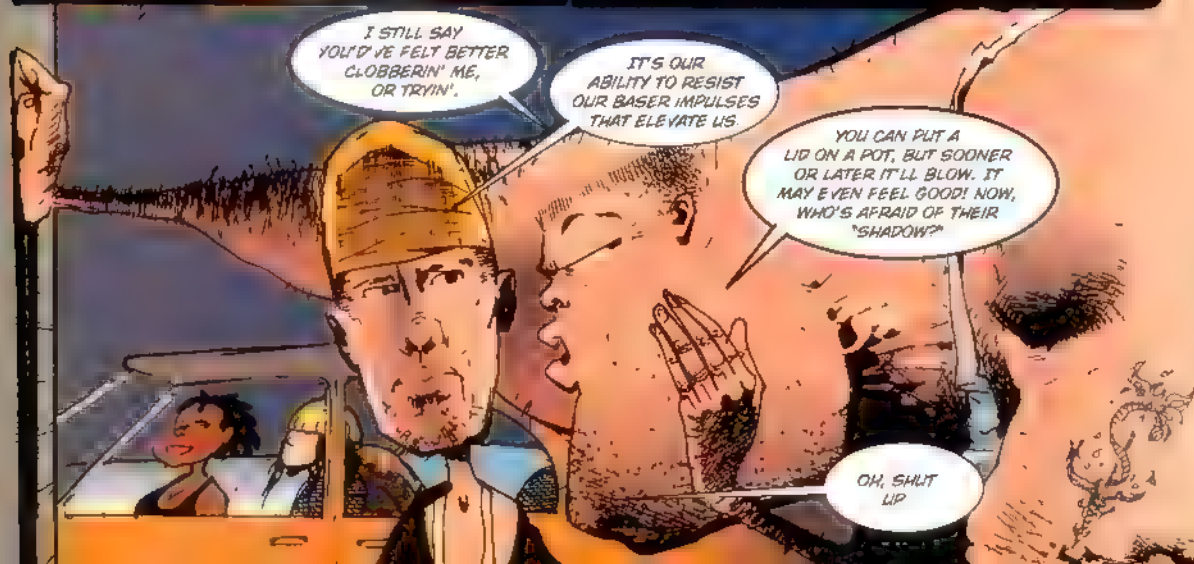
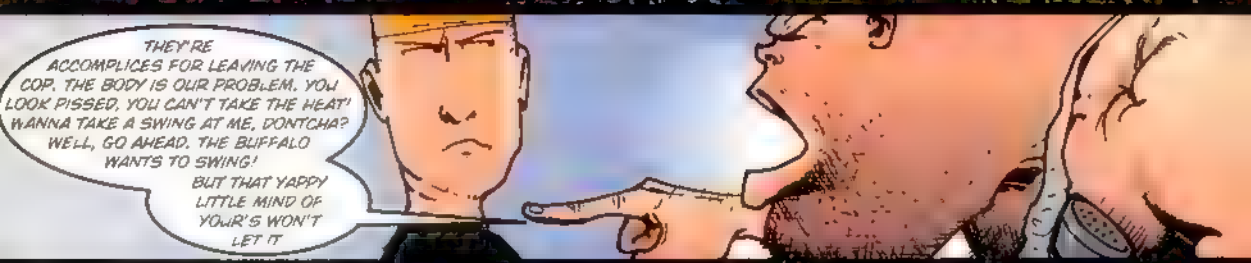
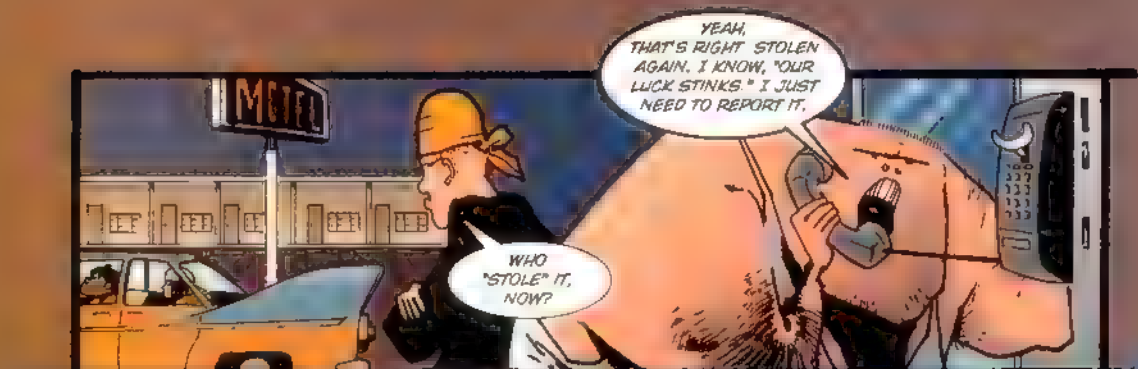
YEAH NOTHIN
MORE WE
CAN DO

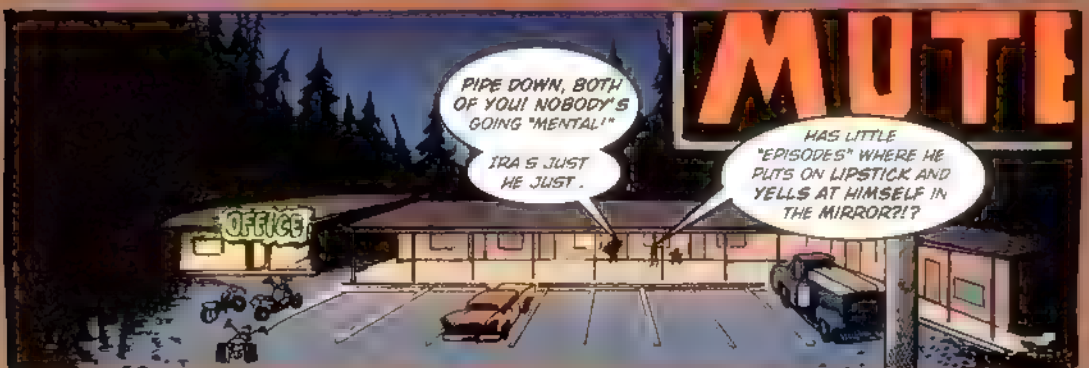
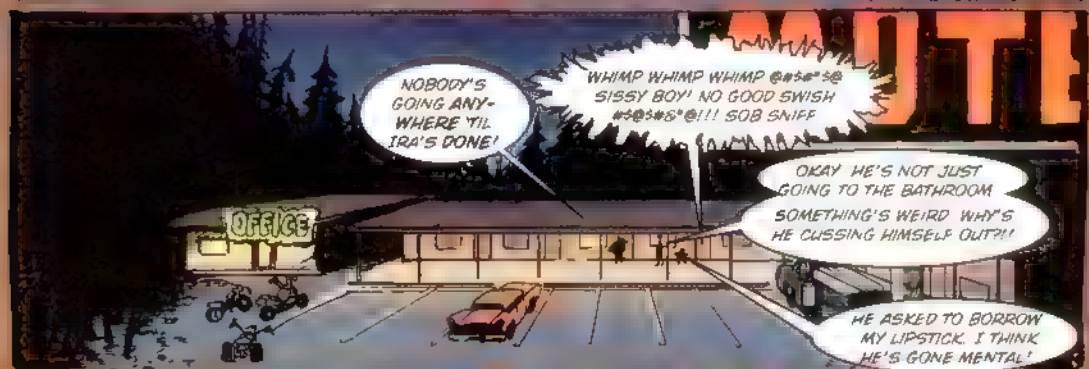
UM, HUH YOU
BUYIN' ANY OF
THIS?

WHO CARES?
AT LEAST HE CAN'T
HALL US IN I M
GETTING BORED.
LET'S

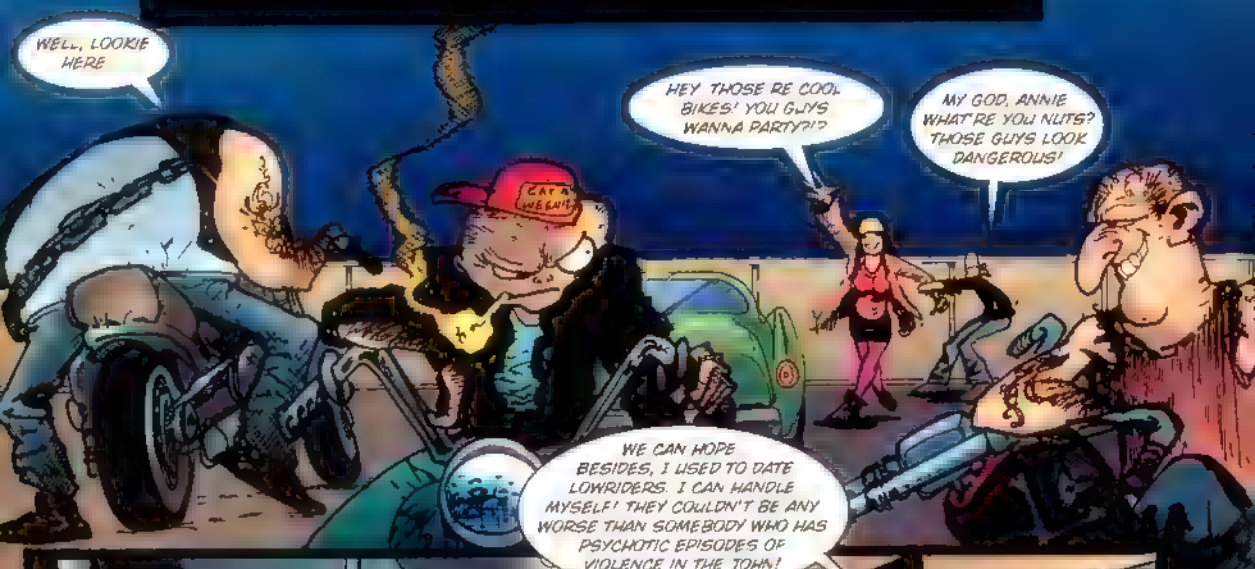
SPLIT

HARD
CALL 9-1-1 THAT
OFFICER NEEDS
HELP!

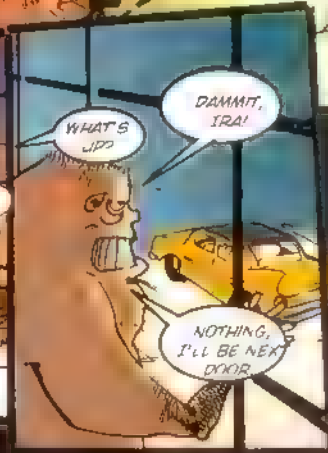
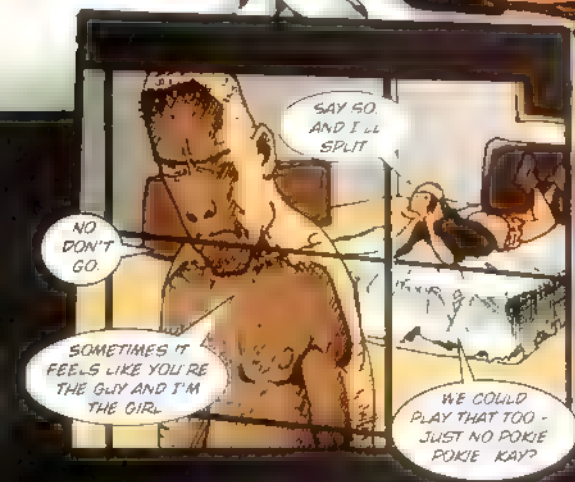
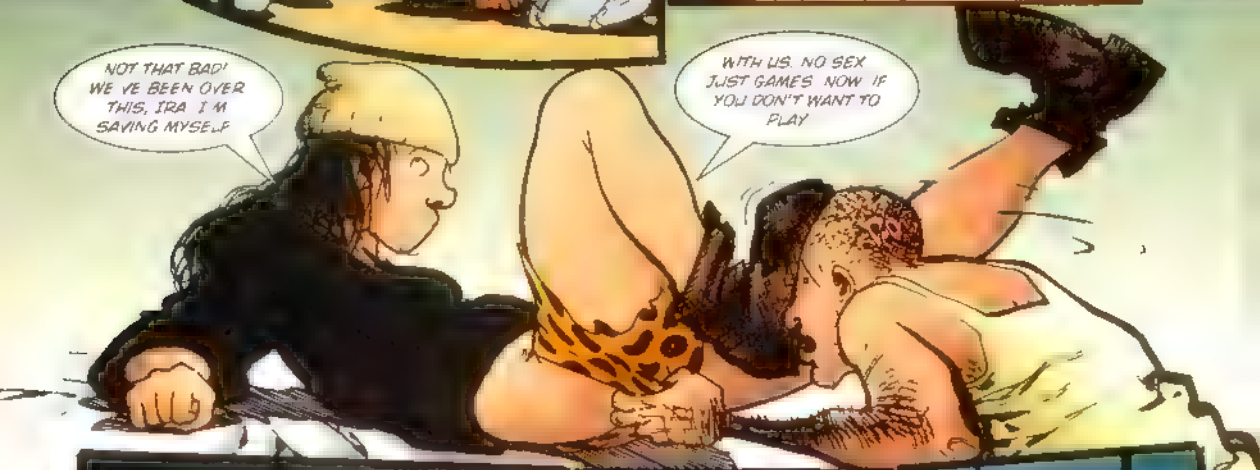




Broadminded Will not get you laid

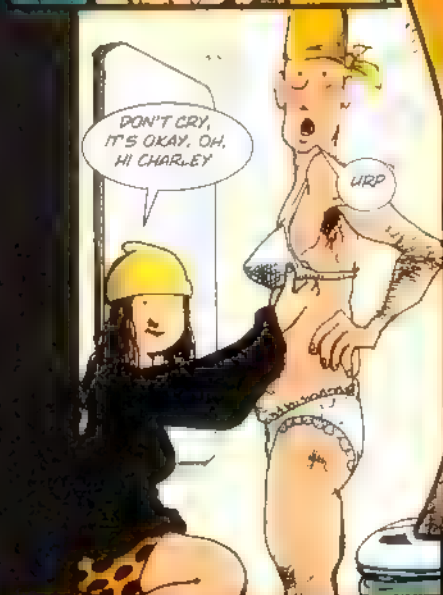








OKAY, IRA
WHAT
HAPPENED?



DON'T CRY,
IT'S OKAY, OH,
HI CHARLEY

URP



SWEET
MOTHER

YOU DID THIS!
YOU'VE MADE HIM INTO A
FRIGGIN' GIRL! YOU'VE STOLEN
HIS MANHOOD AND HIS SHORTS!!!
WHAT KIND OF A SHE-DEVIL
ARE YOU??!!

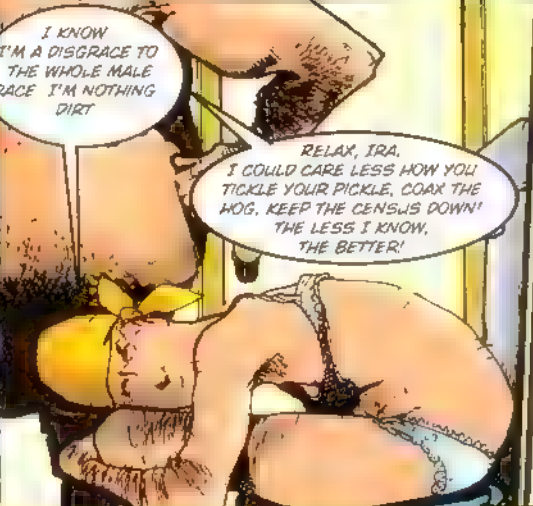
HEY! DON'T
YELL AT ME! HE
WAS INTO IT! IT
WAS HIS IDEA!
BESIDES, I THINK
IT'S NICE HE'S IN
TOUCH WITH HIS
FEMININE SIDE
ENOUGH TO --

DON'T GIVE ME THAT
LIBERAL PINKO GARBAGE!
HE'S A MESS! WE BOTH KNOW
IT! FOR YOU, IT'S CHEAP
THRILLS FOR HIM, IT'S
RELIVING A NIGHTMARE!

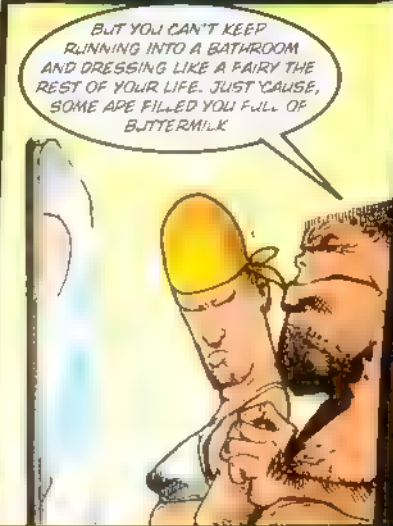


I KNOW
I'M A DISGRACE TO
THE WHOLE MALE
RACE I'M NOTHING
DIRT

SO, I TAKE
IT YOU FEEL
STRONGLY,
THEN



RELAX, IRA.
I COULD CARE LESS HOW YOU
TICKLE YOUR PICKLE, COAX THE
HOG, KEEP THE CENSUS DOWN!
THE LESS I KNOW,
THE BETTER!

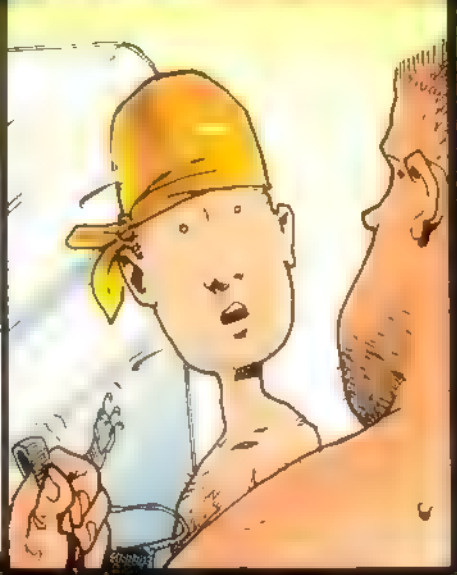


BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP
RUNNING INTO A BATHROOM
AND DRESSING LIKE A FAIRY THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE. JUST 'CAUSE,
SOME APE FILLED YOU FULL OF
BUTTERMILK



LOOZIE!
IS THAT WHO YOU
WANNA BE?

LOOK AT
THAT GUY
I LOVE THAT GUY
DON'T DISRESPECT
HIM, OR HIS
MANHOOD. I DON'T
CARE WHAT YOU HAD
TO DO TO SURVIVE IN
PRISON, BUT DON'T
MOCK YOURSELF
OUT HERE TOO! AND
DON'T USE THAT
BIMBO OUT THERE AS
AN EXCUSE TO PUT
YOURSELF DOWN!
NOW, SING
GOD BLESS
AMERICA
WITH ME





MY GOD
I NEVER
I MEAN

IRA, AS A
FELLOW MAN
I'M ASKING YOU TO GO
OUT AND DUMP THAT CAR
IT'S A SOLID STEP TOWARD
PEE#2 PROTECTION =
MAINLY OUR OWN
BUTTS



GIVE BACK
HIS MANHOOD,
NYMPH.



"NYMPH'S"
NOT AN INSULT,
STUPID.



YOU'RE RIGHT,
CHARLEY! I'M TRYING
TO CRAWL AWAY FROM
MYSELF! THESE
PUNKS ALMOST
HAD ME --



BUT NO MORE!
IF I WEAR
WOMEN'S UNDER-
WEAR IT WILL BE
FOR THE RIGHT REA-
SONS -- NOT TO
ABUSE MYSELF
ANYMORE!

GOD
BLESS!

I'M A
MAN!
AND PROUD
OF IT!!!

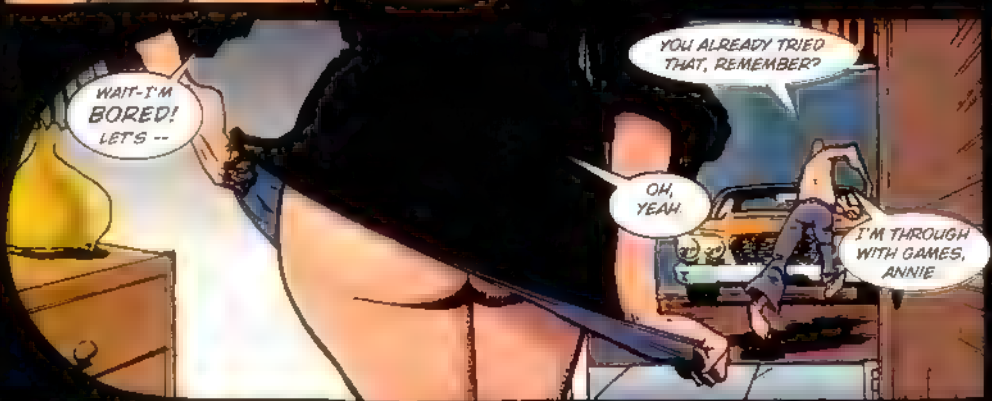


ANNIE I'M A MAN
AND I'M NO LONGER
I'M ASHAMED!

I HEARD SO
DID HALF THE
MOTEL!



I HAVE
THINGS TO DO.
I MUST GO.



WAIT-I'M
BORED!
LET'S --

YOU ALREADY TRIED
THAT, REMEMBER?

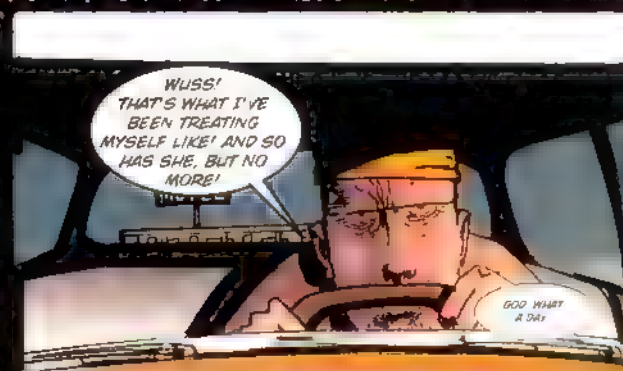
OH,
YEAH.

I'M THROUGH
WITH GAMES,
ANNIE



YOU KNOW
WHAT?
I BELIEVE YOU

GUESS I'LL
JUST HAVE TO
FIND ANOTHER



WUSS!
THAT'S WHAT I'VE
BEEN TREATING
MYSELF LIKE! AND SO
HAS SHE, BUT NO
MORE!

GOD WHAT
A DAY

THIS SHOULD WORK
DON'T WORRY,
CHARLEY YOU PICKED
THE RIGHT GUY FOR
THE JOB

THAT'S IT
KEEP
GOIN'

C'MON DON'T
STOP, NOW KEEP
SINKING

SIGH

YOU KNOW
WHAT? THAT'S
PROBABLY GOOD ENOUGH
WHO COMES OUT HERE
ANYWAY?

SHOOT! MAYBE THIS IS
WHAT CHARLEY MEANT --
IGNORING A PROBLEM AND HOPING
IT WILL GO AWAY. SUBMERGING MY
UGLY, SHADOWY INSTINCTS
BUT THAT'S A METAPHOR.

AND THIS
IS A CAR

DAD THE ONLY CAR
SEE OUT HERE IS SOME
OLD CLUNKER WITH A SHOE
IN THE --

WELL THAT MUST
BE IT! BRING 'ER IN,
MICKEY!

OKAY
DAD

MICKEY'S
TOW



I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK YOU THIS ONCE. IS THE CAR GONE? DON'T LIE!

I'M FREEZIN' MY ASS OFF WALKIN' BACK WITHOUT A CAR -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?

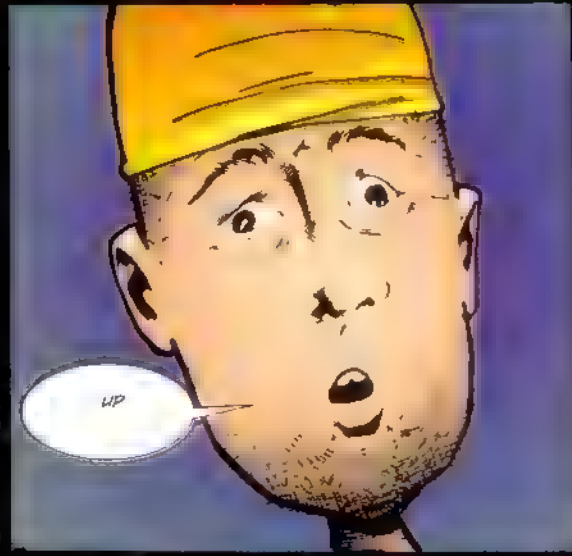
OKAY, GOOD MAN, GO GET SOME SLEEP AND IRA. I RESPECT YOU, FOR TELLING ME THE TRUTH.

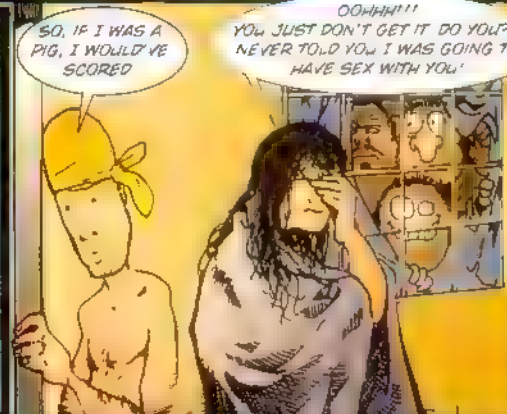
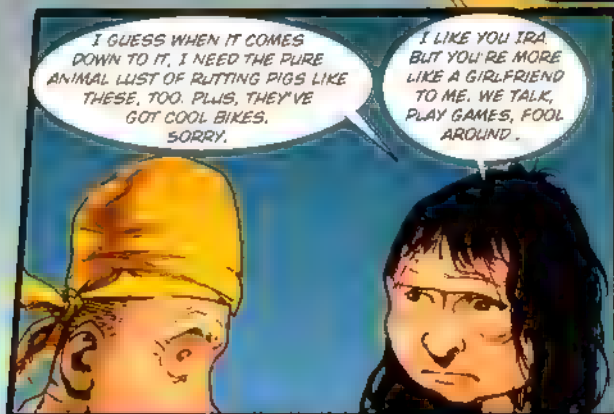
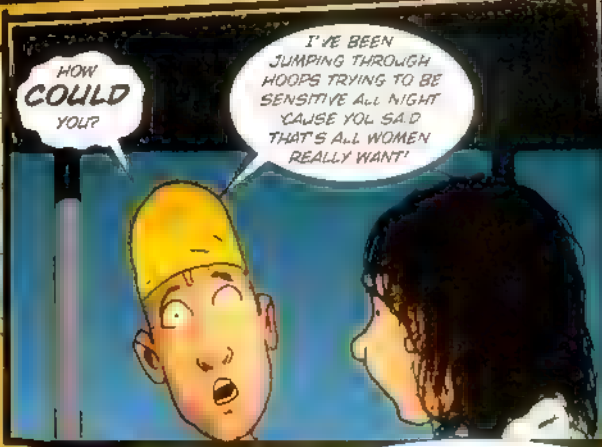
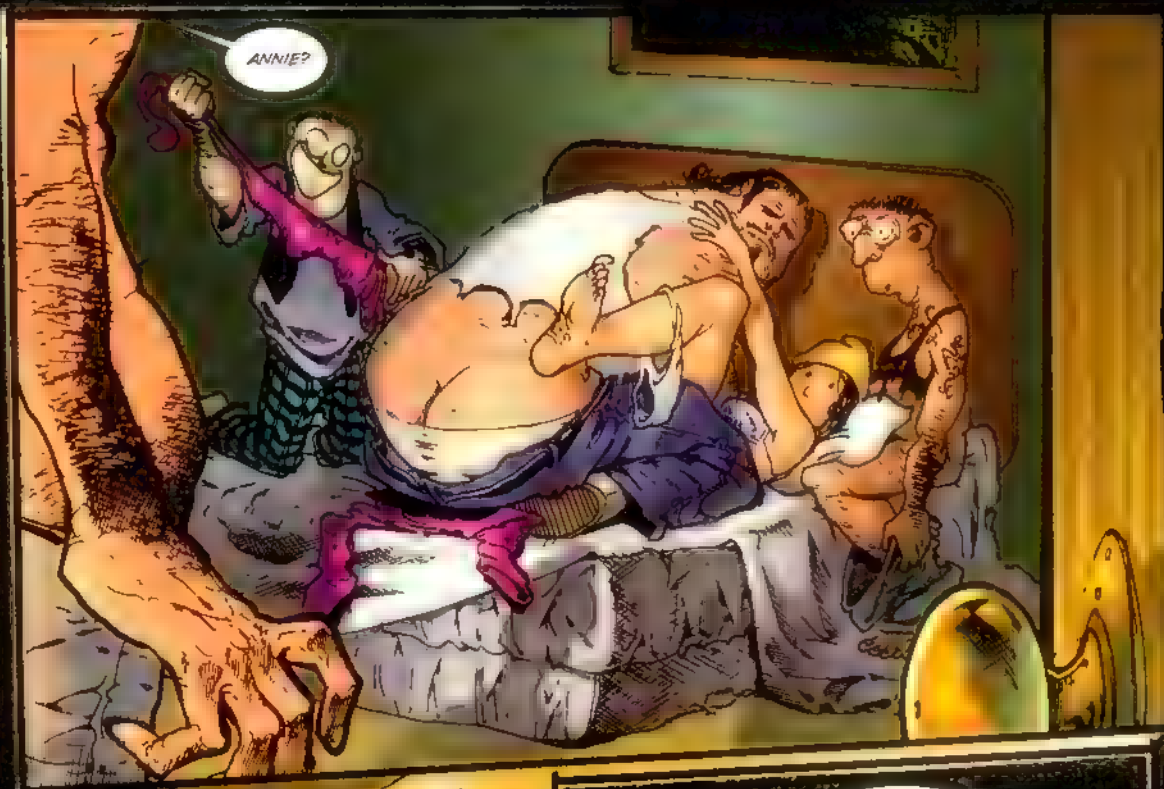
SLAM

WHIMP
WHIMP
WHIMP
WHIMP



I WONDER IF ANNIE'S STILL UP?





HEY! I WOULDN'T BE THE ONLY PERSON WHO'S MOUTH SAID ONE THING AND BODY SAID ANOTHER YOU MADE OUT LIKE SOME TOUGH GUY WITH COOL WHEELS JUST TO GET LAID BUT IT WAS ALL TALK

YAP, YAP
YAP

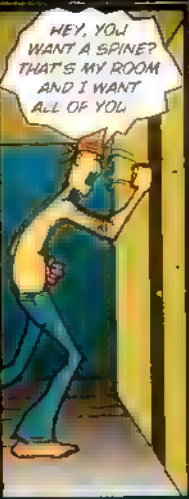
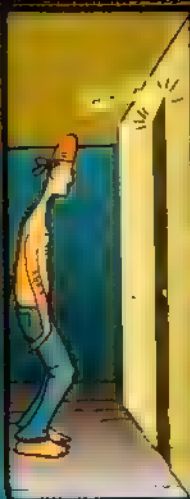
EXACTLY,
I USE GUYS
LIKE YOU USE
WOMEN, TO
GET WHAT
WE WANT

NOW THANK
ME FOR
BREAKING
YOUR HEART AND
OPENING YOUR
EYES

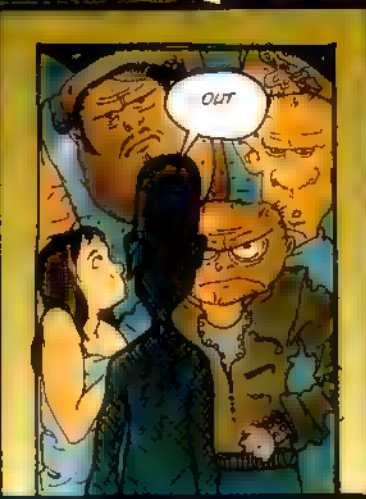
THANK YOU.

I'M SORRY IF YOU GOT
HURT, BUT YOU HURT
YOURSELF. CHARLEY'S
RIGHT, YOU DON'T NEED
SENSITIVITY! YOU'RE
DROWNING IN SENSITIVITY
YOU NEED TO STAND UP
FOR YOURSELF DON'T
BLAME ME IF I WASN'T
AROUND YOU'D FIND
SOMEONE ELSE'S FEET TO
GROVEL AT. TRUST ME,
I KNOW

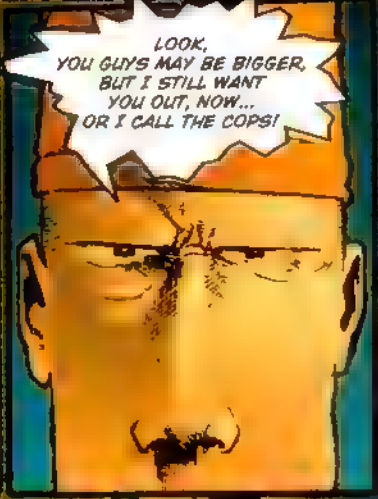
WHAT YOU NEED
IS A 8**88% SPINE!
I'M SORRY, BUT
THERE IT IS
GOODBYE



HEY, YOU
WANT A SPINE?
THAT'S MY ROOM
AND I WANT
ALL OF YOU



OUT



LOOK,
YOU GUYS MAY BE BIGGER,
BUT I STILL WANT
YOU OUT, NOW...
OR I CALL THE COPS!

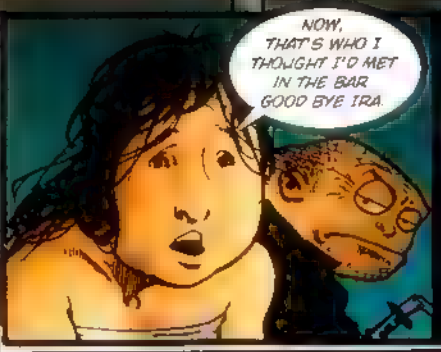


HE'S NOT
WORTH IT



WE WERE
LEAVIN' ANYWAYS,
C'MON BABE

WOW IRA, THAT
WAS COOL!



NOW,
THAT'S WHO I
THOUGHT I'D MET
IN THE BAR
GOOD BYE IRA



CRAP!
CHARLEY WILL LOVE
THIS. NOT ONLY
DIDN'T I TALK HER
INTO BED, BUT
I'M ALSO



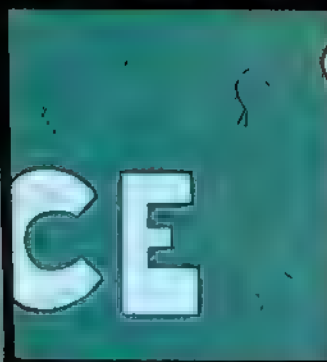
LOCKED
OUT



HEY, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE?



ANNIE RAN OFF AND LOCKED ME OUTSIDE MY ROOM. OR MAYBE I LOCKED MYSELF OUT WHO KNOWS. WOMEN ARE ALL THE SAME



NOT ALL WOMEN DID YOU REALLY LOVE ANNIE?

WELL, NO I, JUST --

JUST WANTED TO GET INTO HER PANTS?

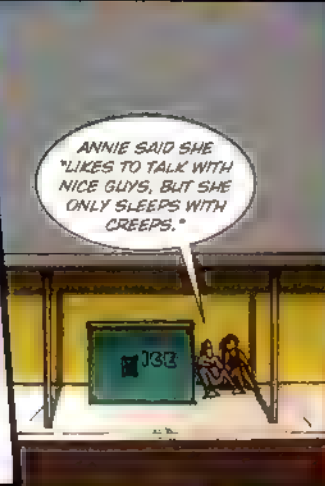
WELL, YEAH, BUT --

SO, IT'S NOT YOUR PRIDE THAT'S HURT --?

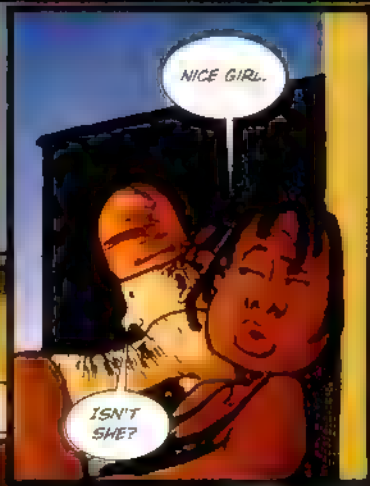


IT'S YOUR NUTS

EXACTLY



ANNIE SAID SHE "LIKES TO TALK WITH NICE GUYS, BUT SHE ONLY SLEEPS WITH CREEPS."



NICE GIRL.

ISN'T SHE?

WELL, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, I DON'T SLEEP WITH CHARLEY 'CAUSE HE'S A CREEP. THAT'S JUST A BONUS! GIGGLE



NO? WHY, THEN?

YOU'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW. LOOK, IRA, ALL THAT STUFF YOU SAID IS TRUE! THERE ARE WOMEN THAT WANT A SENSITIVE GUY! YOU JUST GOTTA LOOK FURTHER THAN THE FIRST BAR BIMBO. YOU SEE DON'T STOP LOOKIN', OKAY? SHE'S OUT THERE, I PROMISE.



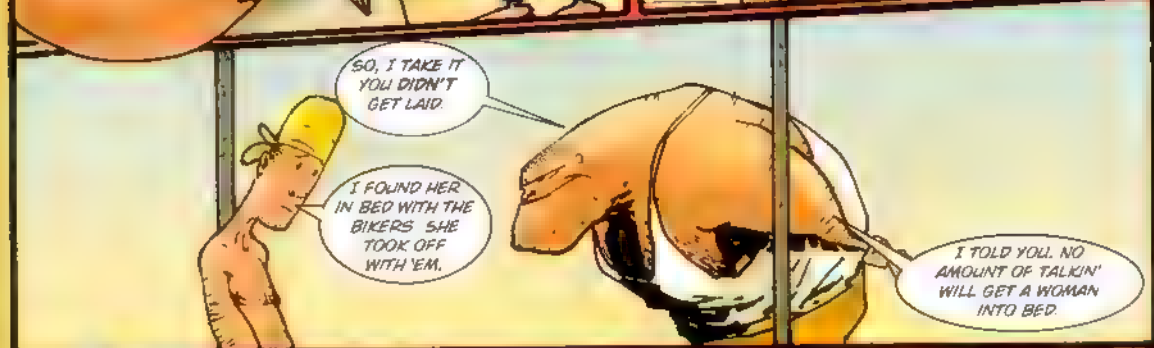
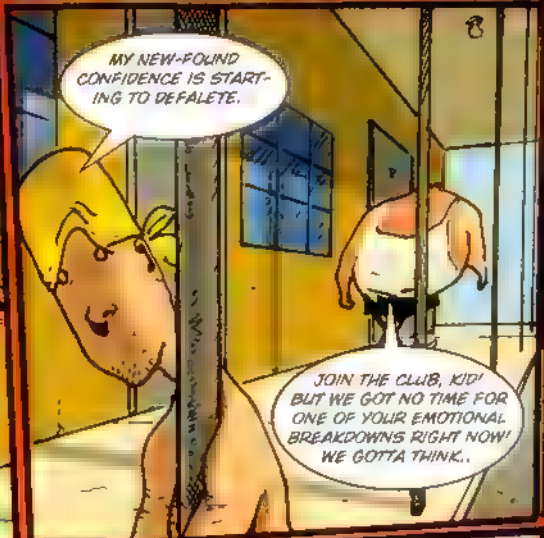
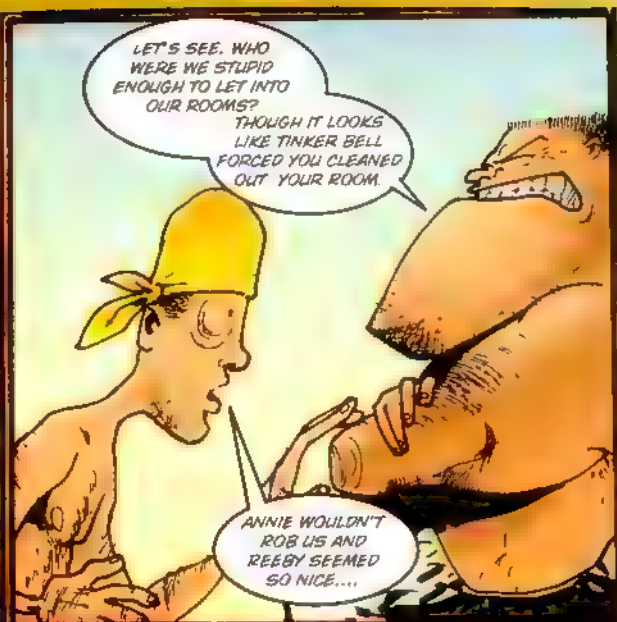
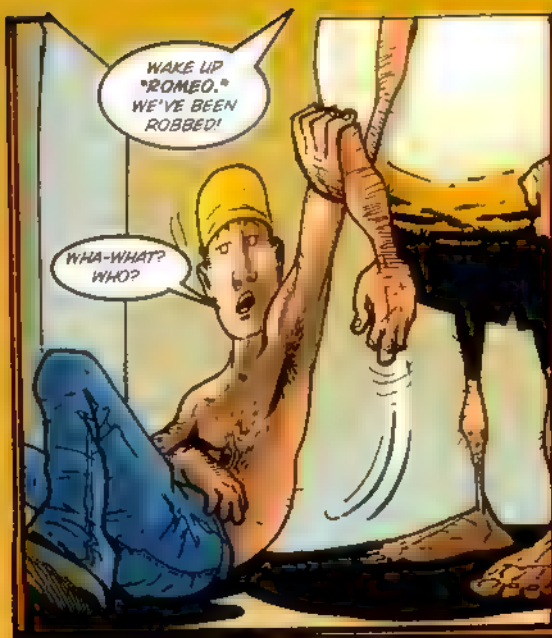
THANKS, REEBY



NO PROBLEM. YOU WANNA SLEEP IN ME AND CHARLEY'S ROOM?

NAY THAT'S OKAY IT'LL BE SUNRISE SOON AND I JUST WANNA BE ALONE.

HONEY, YOU GOT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE FOR THAT



REEBY'S WAS
A HOOKER?

ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE
BEEN TREATING ME LIKE
GARBAGE FOR LOSING OUR
CONTEST -- AND YOU
CHEATED WITH A HOOKER?
I PAID FOR IT!!!
THAT'S NOT FAIR!

WELL, MAYBE IF
YOU'D'VE PAID FOR IT,
YOU'D'VE GOTTEN
SOME BY NOW!

SCREW
YOU, I FAT
BOY!!!

OKAY! THAT'S IT!
C'MON, LET'S GO!
RIGHT HERE!!!

NOW, YOU'RE
SHOWIN' SOME
NUTS. GO AHEAD!

I WOULDN'T EVEN BE
IN THIS MESS IF IT WASN'T FOR
YOU! YOU'RE EVERYTHING I HATE,
CHARLEY. CRUDE, IGNORANT,
RACIST, SEXIST, FAT, HAIRY,
CLUMSY .. AND YOU DON'T
CLEAN YOUR FINGERNAILS
TO BOOT!

BOY YOU'RE JUST
ASKIN' FOR A GOOD
BOP, AREN'T YA?

YEAH, GO
AHEAD! TRY IT -
- I DARE YOU.

BOP

MOTEL

YOU KNOW, I
WOULD'VE CALMED
DOWN

I WANTED TO
GET IT IN
BEFORE
YOU DID.

OTEL

WHAT NOW?

WE HITCH A RIDE HOME

GREAT

EVERYTHING I BELIEVE HAS TURNED TO CRAP YOU'RE RIGHT MY MIND'S JUST A YAPPY LITTLE BIRD POWERLESS AGAINST MY ANIMAL BUFFALO INSTINCTS

I'VE BEEN HUMBLLED

ONLY YOUR PRIDE DAMES CAN DO THAT

IT'S NOT JUST HER I I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE I CAN'T GO BACK OR FORWARD

AHHH! THAT'S JUST THE BIRD TALKIN YER BUFFALO KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE IT'S GOING

OH YEAH? WHERE?

IT'S NONE OF THE "BIRD'S" BUSINESS

ONE THING'S FOR SURE IF IT CAN'T PLOOK IT, EAT IT OR PISS ON IT, THERE AIN'T NO POINT TO IT!

C'MON, CHARLEY TWO FOR ONE YOU JUST GOT LUCKY BEFORE

HAVEN'T YOU WORKED ME OVER ENOUGH?

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH
YOU'RE THE ONLY TRUE FRIEND
I'VE GOT CHARLEY THANKS A
LOT YOU'RE A PAL YOU'RE --

DON'T GO HOMO ON
ME, KID, OH YE INSPECTOR
OF MANHOLE COVERS.

WHY CAN'T
YOU ACCEPT
ANY AFFEC-
TION WITH-
OUT MAKING
A JOKE?

OKAY,
OKAY YOU'RE
WELCOME

YOU DID GOOD
OUT THERE TODAY, IRA. YOU
MAY NOT HAVE GOTTEN
PLOOKED, BUT YOU PRO-
TECTED US BY LOSING
THAT BODY

THAT'S ONE
PEE DOWN AND
TWO TA GO.

YEAH, YOU'RE
RIGHT THE COP,
THE BODY, MY
BATHROOM--

LET'S
JUST SKIP
THAT ONE,
OKAY?

OH, UM
SORRY
ANYWAY I
SURVIVED IT
ALL

YEP, KID THE
WORST IS
OVER
I AM SURE
OF IT

YEAH WE'RE
ALREADY
HALFWAY
HOME!



HEADlines

Send letters to: "HEADlines" 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285,
Fair Oaks, California, 95628 (nghtime@aol.com).

We made it to FOM #2! And we even got enough letters to make a real letter column with a real title. By the way, we are indebted to one heckuva smart fan fella for the name, "HEADlines," but we lost his address. So if he would be so kind as to mail it to us, we'll send him some excellent Maxx goodies for his brilliance. Don't pretend to be him—we'll know.

So here we go again, another FOM. Only this time it's Ira and Charley instead of Mickey and Dude. Weird—I see more similarities than differences. Dude and Ira are dreamers; Mickey and Charley are realists. Someday I'll have to write a story with 3 people and break my pattern (sigh)...

Anyway, what do you think? I know the story's only half over—Ira still has no idea what a "real man" is, only that everything he thought a man was was wrong. Charley's advice seems close to the truth, even though he's a boorish clod. Ira can't go back to his old way, but he can't go Charley's way either. (Let alone than damn body in the trunk! What's that a metaphor for—you tell me!)

In case you haven't noticed, FOM is shaping up to be for older readers, while Maxx can continue (other than this Gone stuff) in the lighter vein it has been going. "Broadminded" will conclude in FOM 3.

We need more euphemisms for Charley - the kind you wouldn't say in front of your mother. We will print the names of those which we use in the next issue.

Hey Sam,

How'ya doin'? I'm just great because I've just read FOM #1. Once again, my money couldn't have been better spent (unless it was spent on my family or for paying utilities, etc.) Anyhow, I really thought it was cool how you took the artist's "unwritten rule," that a comic cover should clue you into what you're gonna read inside, to the next level and actually made the cover the intro page, the beginning.

Anyway, looking forward to many more issues of both your books. Until then, I'll be reading the "typical physical jeopardy crap."

Amado Rodriguez, Jr.
Milwaukee, WI

As opposed to our "atypical emotional jeopardy crap."

Dear Sam Kieth,

Should FOM have its own letter column? Why not? Publish whatever shows up and keep going.

I like FOM. You've made the 48 pages look almost as tentative as Dude Japan's crayon dreams. Congratulations, it's a splendid venture, using many of those eclectic combinations of realism and cartoonism to express the feelings that, by the way, remind me of Carson McCuller's "Ballad of the Sad Cafe" in literature, and much of Dr. Seuss' children's books in plain ol' down-home communication. I'm curious about how much of this "anti-perfectionism" in your stories is biographical or autobiographical. But that's your business.

Sincerely,
J. R. Hasek
Knoxville, TN

Hey Sam,

FOM was sensational! As great as The Maxx is, it was wonderful to see an (almost) unrelated story. The situation, the characters, the low sticker price—it was all superb! I especially liked the references to Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, Warhol, and Oldenburg.

Paul Silveria
Vancouver, WA

Dear Sam,

FOM is the reason I'm writing. I followed your material in CRITTERS and later on saw the versions of Maxx on MTV. That led me to picking up the book. It's enjoyable, but I feel your peak has been reached with the FRIENDS book.

It's well done and very human that Dude and Mickey don't have all the answers, that they still have a long way to go before they figure it out. Of course the propane tank really drew me in. My father worked for Wonder Bread for 40 or so years, and seeing the imagery of the white rectangular object with the multicolored balloons is always a comforting symbol for me, just as it seems to be for Dude and Mickey.

Something else I like in the book (as well as in Maxx) is that these people have human bodies and faces. The hair isn't always combed, the clothes need washing, and nobody is an Adonis.

Sincerely,
Mike Curtis
Conway, AR

Sam and Co.,

FOM was especially good because it felt more like a really good short story with pictures than a comic. I'd like to suggest another way that you could further extend the comic boundaries that you've been stretching with The Maxx (The Maxx=esoteric sandwich; FOM= interpersonal relationships). I think it'd be cool if you had one of those Write-a-Comic contests, where you'd give the winner(s) a bunch of neat stuff, and you'd have the stories they wrote drawn up and printed in FOM or Maxx or something.

Sincerely,
Mike Ceconi
Little Falls, NY

Thanx. I really believe that comics aren't just for kids, but to get more adults to read them, we have to have more adult-oriented stories, as well as characters that we can all relate to, right?

So whatdaya think—should we have a contest for writers for a change? It seems like artists get all the attention in comics. Hmmm...

O Dearest of Sams,

FOM was the best issue since, well, since #23! Seriously, though, it was fantastic! I loved seeing Dave/Maxx again, even if for only a few seconds. This could easily become a movie (knowwhatImean, nudge, nudge), and if you do end at issue 30 (I doubt it—you've got too many good ideas!) this could easily become a replacement series.

Nathanial Long

Nobody's gonna replace anybody. They'll just run parallel to each other.

Sam,

Just finished FOM without a gram of clue as to what to expect.

Once again you've done it, you've managed somehow to draw a character or given me one (to say the least) to relate to, to a T. With the exception of Dude's appearance and male ego, I personally found him to mirror myself, as many a family member and friend has forced me to realize. I too have had a "Mickey" (of another name) that I still love deeply. I see many of the same attributes, characteristics, and thoughts (as well as feelings) in Dude, Mickey, Maxx and Julie Winters. Even Mr. Gone has something I can relate to.

Thank you.
Christopher Galante
Ocean City, NJ

Dear Sam,

I bought your new book, FOM, and I liked it a lot. However, the one thing I didn't like about it was the name. By calling this book "Friends of Maxx," you rob it of its own identity. Your new book is good and does not have to ride on the coat tails of Maxx. What if "Sin City" was called "Friends of Daredevil," or if "Stray Bullets" was called "Friends of Valiant?" A book may be great but it will always be judged by its cover (it's true), and right now yours blatantly screams "Will Never Be Able to Step Out of the Shadow of Maxx." Maybe #2 can be "Friends of Dude."

Anyway, regardless, thanks for doing quality work.

Sincerely yours,
Chris Gennaro
East Brunswick, NJ

I thought a lot about what you said. It's a great compliment that you think FOM can stand on its own. Hmm. What DO I think about this? Somebody tell me, quick!

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I've just finished reading FOM #1, and happen to be home with a fractured knee-cap, so I thought I'd write. At first I wasn't sure what to expect. I should have known better. In 21-some issues of The Maxx, you made us care about Dave, Julie, Sara, and their relationships with one another. In three issues you've given us Steve and Norbert to care about. In just one issue, you made us see Mr. Gone from an entirely different point of view. The second-to-last page of that issue, where Artemis asks his daughter if

she tried to stop the thugs from killing him, defines pathos. The pacing and lighting were brilliant.

FOM is equally impressive. What I feel draws people to The Maxx is the characters. As I said, we care about Dave, Julie, Sara, Norbert, and Steve. It is ultimately relationships that define us as human beings. A person who has never come into contact with another human being could not exist. First of all, someone would have had to have given birth to them. Secondly, even if they were then completely abandoned, this would become the basis of their relationship with the rest of the world and define them as an individual. We are all children, siblings, classmates, co-workers, spouses, parents, neighbors, customers, etc. As Donne put it, "No man is an island."

This is one of the sources of the power of your storytelling. The Maxx is, on one level, about relationships. The relationship between objective and subjective realities, the relationship between people and reality, and the relationships between people who may or may not agree on what reality is. The same can be said of FOM. Dude and Mickey have, as do we all, unique points of view of reality. It is when and where these points of view overlap or collide that we have the makings of drama, comedy, tragedy, romance, and adventure.

Besides being fun to read and beautiful to look at, your work reminds us of the fact that we have much more in common than we have keeping us apart. You stimulate our hearts and minds, asking us to give a damn. I think that this helps make the world a better place. Once again, Mr. Kieth, thank you.

Sincerely,
Brian R. Dixon

Dear Sam I Am,

I want to convey my thanks for FOM #1. You definitely hit some spots close to home as far as one recently-failed relationship goes (guess who). Was that story auto-biographical? It seems to ring so heartfelt. Anyway, great job as always

Clint Stone
South Bend, OR

Why does everybody think this story is autobiographical? I weigh 400 lbs, have hair all over my body, and never have any problems with woman. (Now where did I put those crayons...)

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Will anyone from FOM ever appear in the regular series?

Faithful Maxxhead,
Mike Ruiz
South Pasadena, CA

Hey, it's a small world. Who know who lurks where...

Dear Sam,

It's late at night and I have school tomorrow and I shouldn't be up this late 'cause I'll never get up in the morning but it seems that inspiration always strikes at night and I can't get to sleep without writing something. That may be the longest sentence I have ever written.

Anyway, I just need to express how wonderful I thought the first issue of FOM was. I have been reading comics for only a few years, but my brother happens to be a collector so I have read probably 20 years' worth of comics in that short time. Most of them involve mediocre art and even worse writing. But every once in a while you run into something astounding. Your work and that of Bill Messner-Loebs has been extraordinary. I love the way you draw arms. When I went to a theater camp this summer, I did a monologue of Maxx #4 (about Sara and the gun). I feel very close to her. I can't seem to understand your ability to illustrate female characters so well. Most women in comics are there simply to stick out their chests and make pretty background pictures [the men, too, in fact]. As an aspiring feminist, it means a lot to me that you portray women as you would portray a man.

Anyway, FOM was fantastic. It took me a while to get through it, but who cares—it was worth it. It is so refreshing to see in comics, a medium that so desperately wants to be taken seriously, a book without the prerequisite large, hulking superhero in tights, a thing that is about as silly as you can get. In an industry that is so testosterone-charged, it was really a risk to write something with such a mainstream distribution in such an unconventional way. Parts of it were profound. Most of it I won't even get until, like, the thirteenth time I read it. It was simple and straightforward and human and if it counts for anything at all, I really, really liked it.

Sincerely,
Gretchen Gueguen
Kittanning, PA

More than you know, Gretchen. More than you know.

a Landstander scan
for z~cult fm



"I just wanted to stand on Land."